

Chicago

MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER/1956

THE MAN WHO CARES SO MUCH



Illinois U Library



FORTUNES IN FUTURES:
THE MERCANTILE EXCHANGE



A SHORT STORY FROM

TRUMBULL PARK

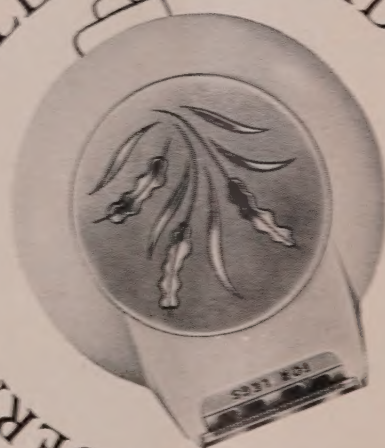
then...

no
lady
went
out on
a limb
without
a
blanket
of
lisle

now...

a
lady's
legs
are
a
clear
case
of
good
grooming

MODERN TIMES CALL FOR A LADY SUNBEAM



Does a custom job on arms, legs. Has two shaving edges, one specially ground to shave legs, the other for under-arms. No mess, no fuss, nicks or cuts. Just plug in, shaves smooth without soap and water. Sized like a compact, easy shape to hold, to pack. Be modern, get a Lady Sunbeam. \$14.95. In Cutlery—First Floor, Middle Wabash. Also Evanston, Oak Park, Lake Forest and Park Forest.

Marshall Field & Company

editor & publisher
Maurice English
 administrative officer
Joy Birkholz
 managing editor
Alan Whitney
 assistant editor
Barbara Will
 contributing editors
*Suzanne Frank, Jeanne
 Phillips, Tom Sharkey*
 staff photographer
Don Bronstein
 contributing photog-
 raphers
*Harry Callahan, Russell
 V. Hamm, William
 Miller, Jon Pownall*
 consultant on manage-
 ment
Charles L. Allen
 sales staff
*John Gardzie, Robert
 Glaser*



egg traders in action

page 40

Chicago

september 1956

Volume 3, Number 7. Pub-
 lished monthly at Mt. Morris,
 Ill. Editorial and Advertising
 offices at 858 n. La Salle st.,
 Chicago 10, Illinois. Subscrip-
 tion: \$3.50 one year; \$5.50
 two years; \$7.50 three years.
 Foreign postage outside the
 Americas, \$1.50 per year addi-
 tional. Subscriptions received
 by 5th of month begin with
 next issue; otherwise allow
 6-8 weeks. Change of Address:
 six weeks advance notice and
 both old and new addresses
 required. Please provide code
 number or old address label.
 Address CHICAGO, Subscrip-
 tion Dept., 858 n. La Salle st.,
 Chicago 10. Address manu-
 scripts to Editor. All material
 submitted should be accom-
 panied by return postage. Tel-
 ephone Mlchigan 2-6570.

Copyright 1956 by Contem-
 porary Publications, Inc. Mau-
 rice English, President; George
 Overton, Secretary; Robert H.
 McCormick jr., Treasurer;
 Lawrence Howe jr., Assistant
 Secretary. Second class mail
 privileges authorized at Mt.
 Morris, Illinois.

Advertising representatives:
 New York, John B. English, 39
 5th av., GRamercy 7-3550; De-
 roit, Vincent Purcell, 317 Ste-
 henson bldg., TRinity 5-7978.

little girls & little women, photographs by Maggie Besson	4
what goes on here	6
west of the water tower	16
Mrs. Handy's curious colony by David Ray	22
people by Katherine Kuh	28
the man who cares so much by Norman Calhoun	32
for Sienese birds, a poem by Jean Garrigue	38
as we were	39
fortunes in futures by Arnold J. Kuhn	40
the cultural renaissance: chapter two by Bernard Asbell	46
the blonds are the only ones that count, a story by Frank London Brown, jr.	51
readers & writers	61
contributors	63
the onion patch by Alan Whitney	64

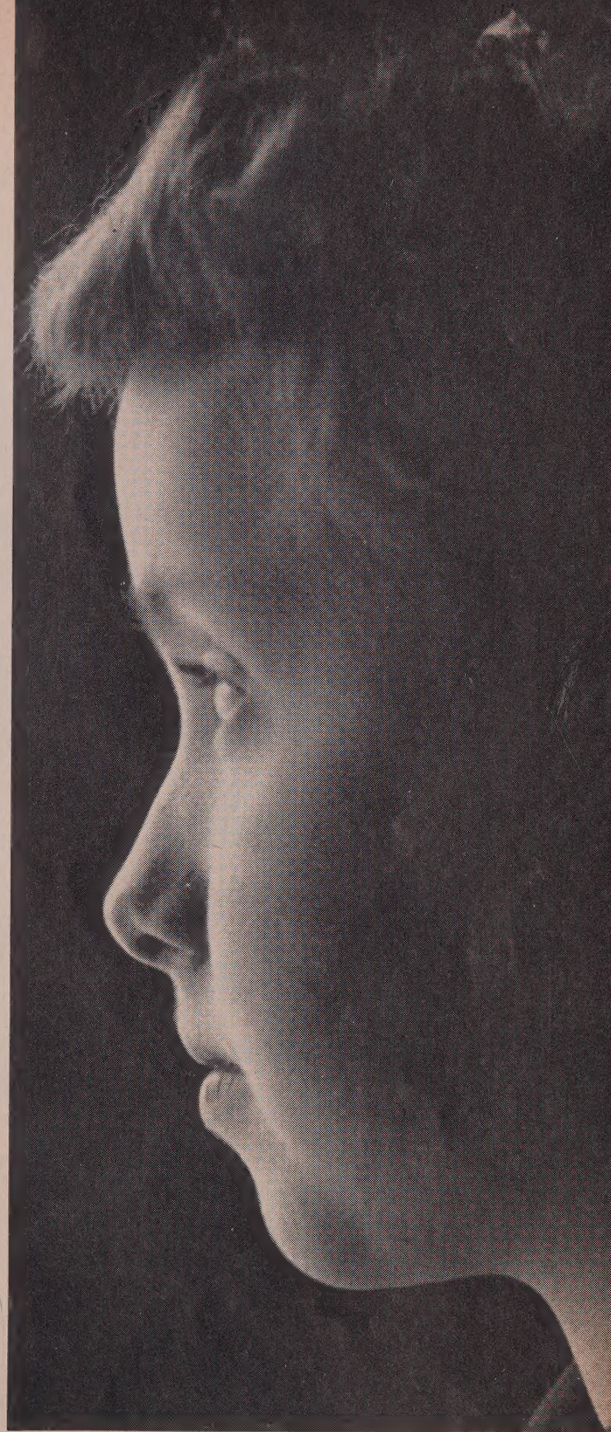


Little Girls & Little Women

When our female young get before a camera, they may register all uninhibited giddiness of childhood, but they are just as likely to act sophisticated and grown-up.

The one at the top of this page is making a big thing out of being so the one at lower left is giving a good imitation of a glamor girl two three times her age; the one below is acting about half as old as she





Left, a dirty-face of the urchin persuasion. Upper left, Mona Lisa. Above, a patrician beauty.

photographs by Maggie Besson



what goes on here

*listings of local events, with
emphasis on entertainment*

special events

● Riverview Park Mardi Gras, Riverview park, 3300 n. Western (LA 5-2330). Thru Sept. 9. The world's largest amusement park winds up its season with nightly circus parades featuring all manner of live animals and lively amateur bands. 11:30 a.m.-midnight. Parades, 8:30.

● Armed Forces benefit football game, Soldier field, Lake Shore dr. at 14th (HA 7-5252). Chicago Bears vs. Cleveland Browns. Sept. 21, 8:30.

theater

● *No Time for Sergeants*. Erlanger, 127 n. Clark (ST 2-2459). An amiable hill-billy innocently plays hob with the U.S. military machine. Opens Sept. 13. Nightly except Sun., 8:30; Wed. & Sat. mat., 2:30.

● *Witness for the Prosecution*. Selwyn, 180 n. Dearborn (CE 6-8240). Agatha Christie's melodrama with New York cast headed by Francis L. Sullivan & Patricia Jessel. Opens Sept. 22. Nightly except Sun., 8:30; Wed. & Sat. mat., 2:30.

● *Bus Stop*. Harris, 170 n. Dearborn (CE 6-8240). William Inge turns a spotlight on a hash joint peopled by stranded bus passengers. With Helen Gallagher. Nightly, 8:30; Sat. mat., 2:30.

● *Cinerama Holiday*. Eitel's Palace, 159 w. Randolph (AN 3-0055). Spectators at this year-old super-screen thriller are in endless supply. Sun.-Thu., 8:30; Fri., 7 & 10; Sat., 7:30 & 10:30; Mat. Mon.-Thu. & Sat., 2:30; Fri., 1; Sun., 2 & 5.

summer theaters

● Drury Lane, 94th & Western, PR 9-4000. Thru Sept. 2, *The Solid Gold Cadillac*. Sat., 9:30; Sun, 8:30.

● Music Theater, County Line rd. & Skokie, Highland Park (BR 4-7447).

Thru Sept. 2, *The King and I*. Nightly, 8:30.

● Tenthouse, 508 Central, Highland Park (ID 2-1160). Sept. 4-9, *Another Part of the Forest*; Sept. 11-16, *Wedding Breakfast*. Tue.-Sat., 8:30; Sun., 7:45.

repertory

● Goodman Memorial theater, Monroe & Columbus dr. (CE 6-2337). Sept. 28 & 29, *Reclining Figure*. 8:30.

music

● Allied Arts concerts, Orchestra hall, 220 s. Michigan (FR 2-0566). Unsubscribed tickets are put on general sale 3 weeks before concerts. Sept. 23, Moshe Kusevitsky, tenor, 8:30. Sept. 30, General Platoff Don Cossack male chorus & dancers, 8:30.

● Jazz at the Philharmonic, Opera House, 20 n. Wacker (FI 6-0270). Norman Granz' latest cat show. Sept. 29, 7 & 10 p.m.

art exhibits

● Art Institute, Michigan & Adams (CE 6-7080). Photography by Todd Webb, opening Sept. 15. Student exhibition: School of the Art Institute, Sept. 4-30. Continuing thru Sept.: Ancient Peruvian art, a new selection of ceramics and textiles; drawings and prints from the Curt Valentin bequests—Klee, Matisse, Moore, Picasso, Miro, Braque and others; the ever-popular Thorne miniature rooms enjoy their first complete showing. Museum hours: Mon.-Sat., 9-5; Sun. & hol., noon-5. Free Wed., Sat., Sun. & hol., except for a few special exhibits.

● Chicago Public library, Michigan & Randolph (CE 6-5821). Art dept.: Leon Golub, painting, & Si Gordon, sculpture, Sept. 4-29, Mon.-Fri., 9-7, Sat., 9-5:30. Randolph st. corridor: Buckminster Fuller, works, Sept. 4-29, Mon.-Fri., 9-9, Sat., 9-5:30.

● Charles Feingarten gallery, 58 e. Walton (MO 4-0917). Rainey Bennett, paintings; V. M. Hannell, sculpture. Thru Sept. Mon.-Fri., 10-6, Sat., 10-5.

● Chess House, 111 e. Oak (WH 4-8486). John Gallagher, paintings of Bermuda, Nassau, Cuba and Western United States. Thru Sept. 5 pm.-2 a.m.

● 414 Art Workshop, 414 n. State (SU 7-1988). Etchings & lithographs of local artists. Thru Sept. 4:30-10, Sat. 1-7.

● Ken studios, 505 n. State, (SU 7-7598). David Laughlin, drawings, June Holmes, jewelry. Thru Sept. Daily 10-6.

● Mandel Bros. galleries, 1 n. State (ST 2-1500). Oils & watercolors by Nathan Goldstein, Charlene Speiglit-Gordon, Marian Foulds, Clive Rickabaugh and Norris Alfred. Thru Sept. Mon.-Sat. 9:15-5:45; Mon. & Thu. till 8:30.

● Marshall Field & Co. galleries (ST 1-1000). Contemporary German artists. Thru Sept. Mon.-Sat., 9:15-5:45.

● Frank J. Oehlschlaeger gallery, 107 e. Oak (SU 7-6779). Aaron Bohrod, paintings. Thru Sept. Daily, 10-6.

● Riccardo restaurant & gallery, 437 Rush (WH 4-8815). Irving Teitel, paintings & prints, Jon Pownall, photographs. Thru Sept.

suburban

● Elmhurst Artists guild, Bican Book Shop, 118 w. York, Elmhurst (TE 2-7860). Mrs. Oscar Kiendl, oils & pastels. Daily, 9:30-5:30, except Mon., 1-9, Thu., 10-9.

● Studio Gallery, 206½ w. State, Geneva (Geneva 7083). Dorothy Tuma, oils & water colors. Thru Sept. Mon.-Sat., 1-5, Fri., till 9.

● Segno galleries, 821 Chestnut ct., Winnetka (WI 6-3736). Dorothy Bushnell Cole, paintings & collages. Thru Sept. Daily, 9-5.

lectures

● Art Institute, Michigan at Adams (CE 6-7080). Art thru Travel series: "Romance and Drama in Mexico," Dr. Dudley Crafts Watson, Sept. 30, 3 p.m. Gallery Talks: "Annual Student Exhibition of the School of the Art Institute," James Paulus, Sept. 21, 12:15; Kathleen Blackshear, Sept. 28, 12:15. "Recent Archeological Discoveries in the Central Coast of Peru," Dr. Louis Stumer, Sept. 21, 6:30 p.m., Fullerton Hall. "Archeological Significance of the Art Institute's Collection of Ancient Peruvian Art," Alan R. Sawyer, Sept. 28, 6:30 p.m., Fullerton Hall.

● 414 Art Workshop, 414 n. State (SU 7-1988). First of series on painting, Eugene Bennett, Sept. 19, 7:30 p.m.

● Nadeau Handweaving Center, 419 n. State (DE 7-9564). "Designing on the handloom," Robert D. Sailors, Sept. 12, 7:30 p.m.

museums

● Adler Planetarium, lake front near Roosevelt (WA 2-1428). Open daily 10-5, Tue. & Fri., till 9:30. Sept. show,

"The Planet Mars": Mon.-Sat., 11 & 3; Tue. & Fri., 8 p.m.; Sun., 2 & 3:30. Free Wed., Sat. & Sun.

● Chicago Academy of Sciences, 2001 n. Clark (LI 9-0606). Natural history exhibits pertaining to the area. Daily, 10-5. Free.

● Chicago Natural History Museum, Roosevelt rd. & Lake Shore dr. (WA 2-9410). In Sept., american mushrooms in color photos augment permanent exhibits in anthropology, botany, geology and zoology. Daily, 9-6. Free Thu., Sat. & Sun.

● Chicago Historical society, Clark & North (MI 2-4600). Special exhibits mark the society's 100th anniversary. Mon.-Sat., 9:30-4:30 p.m. Sun. & hol., 12:30-5:30. Free weekdays.



● Dearborn observatory, Northwestern university, Sheridan rd., Evanston (UN 4-1900). Open to the public for stargazing every clear Fri., 8:30-10 p.m.

● George F. Harding museum, 4835 Lake Park (KE 6-0008). Medieval armor, arms and art. Reopens Sept. 9. Daily 1-5 p.m. Closed Sat. & Mon.

● Museum of Science & Industry, 57th & Hyde Park (MU 4-1414). Extensive "Atoms for Peace" exhibit is explained in 4 languages. Mon.-Sat., 9:30-5:30; Sun. & hol., till 7. Free.

● Oriental Institute, University of Chicago, 1155 e. 58th (MI 3-0800). Historical treasures in art and culture of ancient Near East countries. Tue., Wed., 10-noon.

fauna & flora

● Brookfield zoo, 1st ave. & 31st, Brookfield (BI 2-2630). 135 acres of near-natural surroundings set off animals from all over the world. Daily, 10-6, Sun., till 7. Free Thu., Sat., Sun. & hol.

● Lincoln Park zoo, 2200 n. in Lincoln park (LI 9-3009). 2,500 animals, the zoorkery (at Fullerton) with rock garden and pond, and 4 p.m. lion-feeding are features. Week days, 9-5, weekends and hol., 10-6. Free.



SIRLOIN ROOM

"where the steak is born"

Everyone is a king when it comes to royal dining.

Right in the heart of the Yards is where the king of foods . . . prime steak . . . is served best!

the matador room

Excellent cookery in authentic Spanish atmosphere

Stock Yard Inn

"12 Minutes from the Loop"
42nd and Halsted

HELPER-KING & Associates Inc.

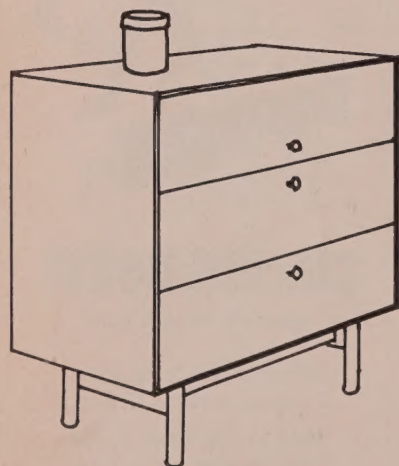
Clearing House Members
Chicago Mercantile Exchange

- MARLOWE KING
- HARRY FORTES
- HARVEY SCHILLER

A Careful Analytical Study
of the Egg Market Throughout the United States

Financial 6-2880

110 N. Franklin St.



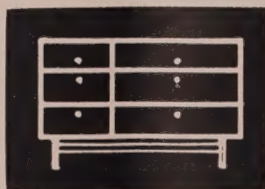
FRANK RYAN

CONTEMPORARY
FURNISHINGS

1653 N. Wells St.
Chicago 14, Ill.

INTERIORS

HOURS 10-8 DAILY 10-6 WED.



WHITNEY MODERN

A COMPLETE LINE OF
CONTEMPORARY FURNITURE

● Indian Boundary park zoo, 2500 Lunt (SH 3-8089). A small zoo mostly housing small animals. Daily, 9-5. Free.

● Shedd aquarium, lake front near Roosevelt (WE 9-4681). Every imaginable and many an unbelievable inhabitant of the sea. Daily, 10-5. Free Thu., Sat. & Sun.

● Garfield park conservatory, 300 n. Central Park (HA 7-5252). The fern house is particularly attractive in Sept. Daily 9-5. Czechoslovak Garden club show, Sept. 8 & 9. Central States Dahlia Society exhibition, Sept. 15 & 16. Sixth District, Illinois Federation of Women's clubs, Sept. 22 & 23. Sat., 3-9 p.m., Sun., 9 a.m.-9 p.m.

● Lincoln park conservatory, Fullerton & Stockton (HA 7-5252). Permanent displays open thru Sept. Daily, 9-5.

tours

● American Airlines, Midway airport, 63rd & Cicero (PO 7-6200, ext. 846). Tour includes twin hangars, weather information section and flight dispatch area. Appointments for groups should be made 10 days in advance. Children under 12 not admitted. Mon.-Thu., 9 a.m.-1 p.m.

● Baha'i Temple, Linden & Sheridan rd., Wilmette (Wilmette 9846). Weekday tours cover auditorium only. Sunday tours include whole building as well as slides and talks. Groups can take the larger tour on weekdays by contacting Mrs. D. Cooper (Wilmette 618). Weekdays, 1-4; Sun., 10:30-5.

● Board of Trade, 141 w. Jackson (WA 2-2800). The public gallery on the fifth floor offers a fine view of "the pit" where lively grain trading is carried on. Mon.-Fri., 9:30-1:15.

● Chicago Tribune, 435 n. Michigan (SU 7-0100, ext. 715). Visitors see all major printing processes — engraving, composing and press work. Mon.-Fri., 2, 4 & 8 p.m.

● Ford Motor company, 12600 Torrence (MI 6-3100, ext. 250). Assembly plant. Mon.-Fri., 9 & 10 a.m., 1 & 2 p.m.

● Marshall Field & Co., 111 n. State (ST 1-1000). Groups of 5 to 20 start from the 3rd floor information desk — with advance reservation.

● Merchandise Mart, north bank of the river at Wells (WH 4-4141). The latest in home furnishing displays may be viewed by groups who make advance reservation. Mon.-Fri., 9:30-3:30.

● Northwestern university, technological institute, Sheridan & Noyes, Evanston (UN 4-1900). A 1-hour tour begins in the lobby, Sat., 11 a.m.

● Sears Roebuck & Co., 925 s. Homan (KE 3-2500). The usher's desk at the main entrance is the starting point for tours of the world's largest mail order house. Tue.-Fri., 9:45, 10:45, 1:45, 2:15; Mon., 1:45, 2:45.

● University of Chicago (MI 3-0800). A 2-hour tour of the campus begins at Ida Noyes hall, 1212 e. 59th, every Sat. at 10 a.m.

● Chicago Gray line (SE 8-2900). A

wide variety of rubber-neck tours covers the city by bus, with choice of hours and areas: Chinatown at night is one of the more popular. Tours begin at Conrad Hilton hotel, 720 s. Michigan.

● Shoreline cruises, Wacker dr. at Michigan ave. bridge. Mercury (DE 2-4353) and Wendella (DE 7-1446) offer views of the skyline from out on the lake every few hours from 1:30 to midnight.

sports

baseball

● Cubs, Wrigley field, Clark & Addison (BU 1-5050). Sept.: 8 & 9 (double header), Milwaukee; 25 & 26, St. Louis; 29 & 30, Cincinnati. 1:30 p.m.

● White Sox, Comiskey park, 35th & Shields (WA 4-1000). Sept.: 1 (night) & 2, Cleveland; 11 (night), 12 & 13, Boston; 14 (night) & 15, Baltimore; 16 (double header), Washington; 18 (night), New York; 21 (night), 22 & 23, Kansas City. Days, 1:30. Nights, 8 p.m.

college football

● Northwestern, Dyche stadium, Central st., Evanston (RO 4-4488). Sept. 29, Iowa State. 1:30.

pro football

● Cardinals, Comiskey Park (WA 2-9334). Sept. 30, Cleveland Browns, 1:05 p.m.

golf

● United States Golf Association Amateur Championship, Knollwood Club, 1890 n. Waukegan rd., Lake Forest (ST 2-7485). Sept. 10-15.

● Illinois Open Championship, North Shore C. C., 1340 Glenview rd., (ST 2-7485). Sept. 24-26.

horsing around

● Thoroughbred racing. Hawthorne race track, 35th & Laramie, Cicero (BI 2-1350). Meet opens Sept. 5. Mon.-Fri., 2:15; Sat., 2.

● Harness racing. Maywood park, 5th & North, Melrose Park (MA 6-4816). Beginning Sept. 3, Mon.-Sat., 8:30.

● Polo. Oak Brook Polo club, International fields, Hinsdale (Hinsdale 3212). Tue. & Thu., practice games. Sun. & hol., high-goal players from all over the country compete. Thru Sept. 3 p.m.

auto racing

● Midgits. O'Hare stadium, Mannheim & Irving Park, Franklin Park (GL 5-9366). Every Fri. thru Sept. if the weather holds. 8:30.

● Stock cars. O'Hare stadium. Thu. & Sun. thru Sept. if the weather holds. Time trials, 6 p.m., first race 8:30.

● Stock cars. Raceway park, 130th & Ashland, Blue Island (FU 5-4035). Wed., Sat. & Sun. thru Sept. 15. 8:15 p.m. Sept. 16, 23 & 30, 2:30 p.m.

● Stock cars. Soldier field, Lake Shore r. & 14th st. (HA 7-5252). Sept. 1, Time trials, 6 p.m., first race, 8:30. Sept.



a permanent contribution to american design
by

Paul McColl

through dealers and decorators only

DIRECTIONAL

201 EAST 57TH STREET, NEW YORK • MERCHANDISE MART, CHICAGO

ATLANTA
BOSTON
BUFFALO

CHICAGO
CLEVELAND
GRAND RAPIDS

KANSAS CITY
LOS ANGELES
MIAMI

MILWAUKEE
MINNEAPOLIS
NEW YORK

PITTSBURGH
SAN FRANCISCO
ST. LOUIS



...or could
it be his
Louis Roth Suit?

Not every man who wears a Louis Roth suit can stop traffic thereby... but that brilliant styling sure gives your appearance the green light!

LOUIS ROTH CLOTHES from \$125
Tailored in California

"the most comfortable clothes you can wear"

Lyttton's

CHICAGO EVANSTON OAK PARK EVERGREEN GARY JOLIET ALTON



"OUR SOLE SPEAKS ENGLISH WITH A FRENCH ACCENT". That's the way Executive Chef Gossy of the Hotel Sherman describes "Filet of English Dover Sole, la Tour d'Argent," served only in the Sherman's famed Well of the Sea. "To be authentic," he explains, "this French specialty must be made of genuine English sole." This true dish is to be found at the Well of the Sea, with all its French accent and English sole intact! Served on a crisp patty shell overflowing with mouth-watering mushrooms, chives, white wine sauce, and sliced hard-boiled egg, the whole is then topped with a delicious meringue, sprinkled with a delicate imported cheese, and served piping hot. Truly, a meal to look forward to. Hotel Sherman (you can drive right in!), Randolph, Clark, and La Salle Streets. FRanklin 2-2100.

TRY GEORGE IV'S FAVORITE CHICAGO RESTAURANT

In 1820, George IV of England offered Carême, the 19th Century's greatest chef, a munificent pension for life if he would come to England to serve the King. Were George IV to visit Chicago today, he would be royally delighted to find the cuisine he so admired duplicated at the new Café Bonaparte of the Sheraton-Blackstone Hotel. For today, the Café Bonaparte proudly serves the dishes that brought Carême fame as chef to George IV, Napoleon Bonaparte, The Emperor of Russia, Talleyrand and other legendary figures. In the Café Bonaparte, history's most famous *haute cuisine* lives again.

Dancing from 9:30 to the music of Hal Otis.



*Café
Bonaparte*

SHERATON-BLACKSTONE HOTEL
MICHIGAN AVENUE AT BALBO • TEL: HARRISON 7-4300
Foster H. Gurney, General Manager

9, late-model convertibles start a 500-lap race at 2:30 p.m.

● Sports cars. Road America, Elkhart Lake, Wis. 4-hr. endurance race, Sept. 8, 12 noon. 6-hr. endurance race, Sept. 9, 10 a.m.

wrestling

● International Amphitheater, 42nd & Halsted (YA 7-5580). Sept. 14, 8:30.

yachting

● Tri-State race, Columbia Yacht club, foot of Monroe (GR 7-7575). Aug. 31, Chicago to St. Joseph, Mich.; Sept. 1, St. Joseph to Michigan City, Ind.; Sept. 2, Michigan City to Jackson park.

● Commodore Sheldon Clark regatta, Chicago Yacht club, foot of Belmont (GR 7-7575). Sept. 16.

for the children

parks

● Fall activities. Registration for most fall activities begin late in Sept. and early in Oct. Information about programs may be obtained by consulting supervisors of local parks.

● Fishing. Children under 16 can fish without a license from banks of lagoons in Jackson, Washington, Sherman, Columbus, Douglas, Garfield, Humboldt, Marquette, McKinley & Lincoln parks.

excursions

● Little Red Schoolhouse, Willow Springs rd. (107th ave. s. of 95th st.) (CO 1-8400). Forest preserve center for nature study with pictures and exhibits of fish, wildlife, minerals and fossils.

● Gilbert Hall of Science, 512 s. Michigan (WE 9-6366). Model train layout and all manner of chemistry equipment. Mon.-Fri., 9-5. Sat., 9:30-4.

● Old Graue Mill, Hinsdale (s. bank of Salt Creek in Fullersburg Forest Preserve) (Hinsdale 2782). Electricity turns the mill wheel without spoiling the illusion of water power and upstairs is a small historical museum. Mon.-Sat., 2-9 p.m. Sun. & hol., 11 a.m.-9 p.m.

● Proviso freight yards, Lake st. in Melrose Park (DE 2-2121). Tours for children over 8 cover a 21-acre area where freight cars are loaded and unloaded and made up into trains. An adult must accompany each group of 10 children and reservations are necessary.

zoos

● Brookfield Children's zoo & farm, 1st. ave. & 31st, Brookfield (BI 2-2630). A variety of small animals to be petted and fed. Open daily.

● Hawthorn-Mellody farm & children's zoo, U.S. 21, 3 mi. s. of Libertyville (Libertyville 2-2025). Animals arranged in a circular enclosure do not overwhelm the smallest tot. Assembly-line milking procedure on view in nearby milking parlor. Mon.-Fri. 10:30-5; Sun till 6. Free Mon.-Fri.

theater

● Jack & Jill Players, 218 s. Wabash (WA 2-0317). Two one act plays: *Lost Temper* and *A Girl in Every Port*, Sept. 22, 23, 29 & 30. 4 p.m.

TRAVEL QUIZ (FOR SEPTEMBER)



Monkeys help harvest in:

☐ Malaya ☐ Ecuador ☐ Borneo

Travelers are amused by leashed monkeys that pick coconuts in Malaya. But not by shady characters who pick pockets—anywhere. Be safe with First National Bank of Chicago Travelers Checks. Only you can cash them.

Highest U. S. temperature ever recorded was in:

☐ Arizona ☐ California ☐ Texas

Highest recognized U. S. temperature was 134°, recorded July 10, 1913 in Death Valley, California. But most of the state offers fine weather for tourists. On your visit, carry convenient First National Bank of Chicago Travelers Checks. Each denomination (\$10, \$20, \$50, \$100) is a different color to prevent mistakes in cashing.

First in wool production is:

☐ Australia ☐ England ☐ Canada

World leader in wool production is Australia, the colorful country "down under." Anywhere you travel, from Australia to Westphalia, First National Bank of Chicago Travelers Checks are recognized and accepted. Ask for them at your bank for your next trip.

**The First National
Bank of Chicago
Travelers Checks**

MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

Why 2¼ Million People Belong to this BLUE CROSS Plan!



Do You Look to
Blue Cross to
Help You Pay
Your Hospital
Bills?

They belong...because Blue Cross makes it possible for them to afford life-saving hospital care when they need it. If you ever have to go to a hospital or take a loved one to a hospital...you'll be thankful you have Blue Cross.

BECAUSE...Hospitals Recognize Blue Cross Cards

When your doctor orders you to the hospital...you simply show your Blue Cross card at the admitting office. There's no red tape...because hospitals sponsor Blue Cross

BECAUSE...Blue Cross Pays the Hospital for the Benefits You Get

You have no worry over raising money to meet hospital bills for the Blue Cross benefits you get. Blue Cross pays the hospital directly and promptly when billed.

BECAUSE...Blue Cross Makes It Possible for You to Afford Life-Saving Modern Hospital Care

When a life hangs in the balance...you close your eyes to the cost of the hospital care you need...care which costs money and takes the willing hands of a lot of people you never even see while you're in the hospital.

Yes...it's worth anything to save someone who is dear to you...but when the danger is past...you'll be oh-so-thankful...if you have Blue Cross to help pay those hospital bills.

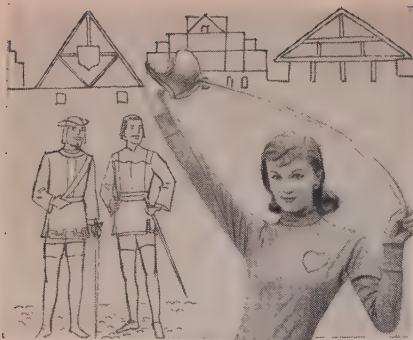
If your firm does not have Blue Cross...take steps now to form a group...just telephone MOhawk 4-7100 and ask for the Enrollment Department.



**BLUE CROSS PLAN FOR HOSPITAL CARE
OF HOSPITAL SERVICE CORPORATION**

425 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 90, Illinois

BE SURE YOU BELONG TO BLUE SHIELD TOO



you'll LOVE
being slender!

Everybody's talking about Slenderella International, the new fabulous slenderizing system that makes you the size you ought to be. It's so new ... so different ... so-o-o pleasant... 'phone today for your Free Trial Visit ... You can't help but love it.

slenderella INTERNATIONAL

PARIS • NEW YORK • CHICAGO
and PRINCIPAL CITIES

★
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
if NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

**NOW ... Add to dining
pleasure at home ...**



**pfafelzer
STEAKS**
... Best you ever ate!

INTRODUCTORY OFFER!
Limited Time Only
12 Pfafelzer Steaks

(8 Filet Mignon, 4 Jumbo Boneless Sirloin). All 1 1/4" thick

\$28.50

Order TODAY! Receipt acknowledged promptly. Send check or M. O.

Also available:

Box of 16 Filet Mignon 1 1/4" thick.....\$27.50

Box of 8 Jumbo Boneless Sirloin, 1 1/4" thick.....\$29.50

All orders shipped R.R. Express PREPAID! Orders of any 2 or more boxes—5% discount.

Shipped "Blast Frozen" direct to you, ready for your freezer. Perfect arrival GUARANTEED, delivery anywhere in the 48 states.

Here's your opportunity to enjoy the same flavorful U.S. Prime Pfafelzer Boneless Strip Sirloin and Filet Mignon at their unique Home Service that's sure to enhance your personal and family's enjoyment... delight your guests when you entertain. Pfafelzer steaks not available in any store. Place TRIAL ORDER TODAY or send for catalog of a hundred other items available through Pfafelzer Home Service.



Pfafelzer Brothers, Inc.

Dept. C • Union Stock Yards • Chicago 9, Ill.

night life

● **Boulevard Room**, Conrad Hilton hotel, 720 s. Michigan (WA 2-4400). "Wonderful Time," an ice show with a trip-to-Europe theme, remains thru Sept. 13. "Comics-on-Ice" opens Sept. 14. Dennis Arnold and Marji as well as Frankie Masters' orchestra star in both shows with a host of other people. Open from 6:30. Shows 8:30 & midnight till Sept. 13; 8 & 10:30 thereafter. Sun. shows at 4 & 9 thru Sept. Dinner from \$3.25. \$2 cover.

● **Black Orchid**, Rush & Ontario (MO 4-6666). Fran Warren entertains thru Sept. 3; other bookings to be announced. Daily till 4 a.m. Shows at 8:30, 11 & 1. Dinner from \$3.50.

● **Blue Angel**, 801 Rush (SU 7-5000). "Calypso Latina," featuring Rafael Rey, Zoila Dsan and the Mighty Panther continues thru Sept. 13. "Calypso Fiesta," starring Antonio Perrusquia, Nilda Velazco and Sir John Drake, begins Sept. 14. Starting Sept. 10 cocktail dancing with free cha cha cha lessons will be offered from 5-8:30 nightly. 5 p.m.-4 a.m. Shows 10, 12 & 2 weekdays and Sun. 9:30, 11, 1 & 3 Sat. Dinner from \$3.

● **The Buttery**, Ambassador West hotel, State & Goethe (SU 7-7200). Quiet and elegant, with dancing to the Afro-Cuban rhythms of Romeo and his orchestra. Noon to 2 a.m.; dancing from 9. Flaming sword dinner \$5.50-\$9.50; other food a la carte. \$3 min. Fri. & Sat.

● **Chez Patee**, 610 Fairbanks (DE 7-3434). The McGuire sisters head the revue Sept. 10-20. Sept. 21 Sophie Tucker, the last of the red hot great-grandmamas, and Tony Bennett, a vocalist, move in to celebrate the Chez' 25th anniversary. 6 p.m.-4 a.m. Shows 8:45 & 12:15. Dinner from \$4.

● **Cafe Bonaparte**, Sheraton-Blackstone hotel, Michigan & Balbo (HA 7-4300). Hal Otis provides dance music after 9:30 amid elegant surroundings and distinguished cuisine. Noon-1 a.m. Dinner from \$6.

● **College Inn Porterhouse**, Sherman hotel, Randolph & Clark (FR 2-2100). Frank York with a fiddle and orchestra provides music for diners with an eye for Western-style eating. Noon-1 a.m., Sat. till 2.

● **Empire Room**, Palmer House, State & Monroe (RA 6-7500). Harry Belafonte sings thru Sept. 12; Dorothy Dandridge opens Sept. 13. 6 p.m.-2 a.m. Shows 8:30 & 12. Dinner from \$4. \$2 cover.

● **Gate of Horn**, 753 n. Dearborn (SU 7-2833). Uncluttered decor provides the setting for folk singers of note as well as charcoal sandwiches for those who ask. Big Bill Broonzy plays guitar till the middle of Sept. Bob Gibson with his 5-string banjo and Marilyn Child with her guitar sing thruout the month. "Jazz at Twilight" gives cocktail hour visitors an opportunity to hear Fred Kaz' trio from 5:30-7:30 Mon.-Fri. Nightly till 2 a.m. Shows from 9:30.

● **Honolulu Harry's** Waikiki, Wilson & Clarendon (LO 1-3446). A Tahitian dancer and one from Samoa augment this Hawaiian revue. Free hula lessons and

University College

EVENINGS IN THE LOOP

the humanities
history
the social sciences
professional training
"the informal program"
workshops
seminars
conferences
credit and non-credit

SEND FOR ANNOUNCEMENTS...

AUTUMN QUARTER: OCT. 2-DEC. 15
Registration: Sept. 25-28, Oct. 1
4 to 7 P.M.

University College

The University of Chicago

19 S. LaSalle St. DEarborn 2-7245

ROOSEVELT UNIVERSITY



Day or Evening
Courses in

• LIBERAL ARTS
• SCIENCE
• COMMERCE
• MUSIC

Graduate and Undergraduate

Fully Accredited

Fall Classes open Sept. 17

430 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago 5

Phone WAbash 2-3580

INSTITUTE OF DESIGN

OF ILLINOIS INSTITUTE
OF TECHNOLOGY

Graduate and
Undergraduate
Evening Classes
in Product
Design, Visual
Design, Photog-
raphy, and Art
Education

Registration Sept. 10 and 11. Evening
Classes begin Sept. 17 in new Architec-
ture, Planning and Design Bldg., 34th and
State Streets.

Phone CALumet 5-9600

WRITE FOR CATALOG C

for detailed information about courses.

2 cuisines—Cantonese & American. Shows 8:30, 10, 11:30 & 1:45; late show Sat., 3 a.m. Dinner from \$2.50. \$2.50 min. Sat.

● Mr. Kelly's, 1028 Rush (WH 3-2233). This supper club celebrates its post-fire reopening with pianist-torch singer Audrey Morris and Beverly Kenney, who sings backed by Connie Milano's progressive trio. Carmen McRae replaces Miss Kenney in the latter part of Sept. 5 p.m.-4 a.m. Dinner from \$2.50.

● Offbeat Room, featuring the Compass players, 6344 Broadway (SH 3-4892). Ad lib drama on timely scenarios offered by resourceful actors. Whims of the audience provide topics for quick improvisations after the regular show. Wed.-Sun. from 9 p.m. Min.: \$1.50 Wed., Thu. & Sun. \$2.50 Fri.; \$3.50 Sat.

● Pump Room, Ambassador East hotel, State & Goethe (SU 7-7200). Everybody who hopes to be somebody must be seen here occasionally. David LeWinter's orchestra provides dance music. Noon-2 a.m. Flaming sword dinner \$5.50-\$9.50; other food a la carte. \$3.50 min. Fri. & Sat.

jazz

● Blue Note, 3 n. Clark (DE 2-2247). Duke Ellington plays until Sept. 2. Bobbie Hackett brings his golden horn Sept. 5-16, followed by Earl Bostick's band Sept. 19-23. 9:30 p.m.-3:30 a.m. Sun. mat., 5-7, features soft drinks for teenagers. Closed Mon.-Tue. Food a la carte. \$3 min.

● Cloister Inn, Maryland hotel, 900 Rush (SU 7-4568). Pat Moran's group remains to play jazz Wed.-Sun. and Lurlean Hunter, Dick Marx and Johnny Frigo continue to make music on Mon. & Tue. 10 p.m.-4 a.m.

● Easy Street, in the alley at Elm st. between State & Dearborn (WH 4-4748). This coach house offers jazz by the Billy Wallace trio and Leigh Travis' deep-voiced singing, as well as a Messerschmidt courtesy car. Sun. concerts (6-9 p.m.) present Bill Russo's progressive quintet. 9 p.m.-4 a.m.

● Jazz Ltd., 11 e. Grand (SU 7-2907). Bill Reinhardt's Dixieland is the attraction at this lower-than-street level music room. 9 p.m.-4 a.m. Closed Sun. \$2 min.

● Key lounge, 1020 Montrose (LO 1-2833). Local combos of top-notch quality appear here Wed.-Sun. 10 p.m.-4 a.m.

● Max Miller Scene, 2126 n. Clark (EA 7-8760). Max himself improvises on the piano before a Mondrian-like scene. The drinks are all \$1. 9 p.m.-4 a.m. Closed Mon. & Tue.

● Modern Jazz room, Preview lounge, w. Randolph (AN 3-6908). Serious jazz lovers head for the Preview's second floor where the Bud Shank-Claud Williamson quartet holds forth thru Sept. 1, followed by the Jazz Messingers, Sept. 12-26. 9 p.m.-4 a.m. Closed Mon. & Tue. Min. \$1.50 weekdays; \$2 Sat. & Sun.

● Pershing lounge, Pershing hotel, 6400 Cottage Grove (MU 4-6400). The Johnny Pate trio offers modern jazz from 0 p.m.-4 a.m., Wed.-Sun.

FOR FABULOUS ROAST BEEF

carved
and
served to
your order

Rib Room



Roast beef in the traditional British manner, roasted,
carved and served to your special order, right
from the cart, with Yorkshire Pudding, Popovers,
and other tasty specialties.

The EDGEWATER BEACH HOTEL

"LITTLE BILL" says:

"I'll do 3 loads
of wash
electrically
for just a penny."



"Electricity costs less today, you know
than it did 25 years ago!"



Commonwealth Edison
AND
Public Service Company

© C. E. Co.

invitation to relax

where no sales are made

You are invited to visit Chicago's most luxurious radio and television showroom where no sales are made. Here at the new Zenith salon you may enjoy television or radio or listen leisurely to restful high fidelity music. From comfortable lounge chairs in restful surroundings, you have a beautiful street level view of famous Michigan Boulevard, right at the river. Just a few minutes from any loop hotel. Open daily 9 to 5 except Sunday.

Your Host: Col. W. W. Yaschenko



ZENITH

DISPLAY SALON
333 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE
TELEPHONE: Central 6-2535

Commissary Incorporated

The largest
industrial caterer
operating exclusively
in the
Chicago area
1945 N. Sheffield

15th TERRIFIC MONTH!
Chicago's Longest-Running Hit!

Louis de Rochemont's

**CINERAMA
HOLIDAY**

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

There is only **ONE** Cinerama!

NOW YOU CAN SAY CHARGE IT!

Holders of major oil companies, airlines or hotel credit cards may charge Cinerama tickets at the Box Office.

THE ONLY CINERAMA THEATRE WITHIN 300 MILES OF CHICAGO

Eitel's **PALACE**
ON RANDOLPH ST. ANDOVER 3-0055

eating out

● Agostino's, 7 e. Delaware (DE 7-9862). This old and respected eating house has a new location, but no change in the quality of its Italian cuisine. 5 p.m.-4 a.m.; Sun. from 1:30 p.m. Dinner from \$2.25.

● Berghoff, 17 w. Adams (HA 7-3170). "Full meal" is no cliché in this old-world restaurant where solid German food is complemented by dark beer. 11:30-9:30. Closed Sun. Lunch \$1-\$2.50; dinner \$1.75-\$4.

● Blackhawk, 139 n. Wabash (RA 6-2822). The rolling rib cart and spinning salad bowl keep guests and waiters busy. 11-10:30; Sat., 11-1:30; Sun., 3:30-10. Dinner from \$2.50.

● Cafe Bohemia, 138 s. Clinton (AN 3-8310). An astounding variety of game bolsters a hearty Bohemian menu. 11 a.m.-midnight. Closed Sun. & hol. Lunch \$1.35-\$1.75; dinner \$1.75-\$4.75.

● Cafe Continentale, 44 e. Walton (MI 2-2026). Papa Milano's labyrinthine, subterranean rooms feature good Italian cuisine in a dim, "modern rococo" setting. 5 p.m.-4 a.m. Dinner from \$2.50.

● Cafe de Paris, 1260 n. Dearborn (WH 4-5620). First-rate French fare. The cook attending the buffet displays remarkable skill in making all the desserts and carving perfectly prepared duckling Belasco. 5-11 p.m. Dinner \$3.90-\$6.50.

● Cape Cod Room, Drake hotel, Lake Shore & Michigan (SU 7-2200). Seafood to meet all tastes served in tastefully salty surroundings. Noon-midnight. A la carte from \$2.75.

● Churchill Room, 1255 n. State (MO 4-6111). Steaks broiled over an open hearth and ribs from a mammoth rib cart are served in two rooms of modern decor. 5 p.m.-4 a.m. A la carte from \$2.65.

● Clipper Room, Atlantic hotel, 316 s. Clark (WA 2-2646). Sea food and German-style dishes in a sea-around-you atmosphere. 11:30-8:30. Closed Sat. & Sun. A la carte from \$1.55.

● Continental Gourmet, 1508 e. 57th (PL 2-9355). A goodly selection of hors d'oeuvres plus special national dishes in a candle-lit dining room. 4:30-10. Closed Mon. Dinner from \$1.75.

● Fred Harvey's Harlequin Room, Palmolive bldg., 919 n. Michigan (DE 7-0606). Quiet, relaxed dining is possible in this dimly-lit intimate room. 11:30-10 except Sun., noon-9. Lunch from \$1.25; dinner from \$2.25.

● Fritz's, 210 n. State (AN 3-7100). The Hollywood set gravitates in this direction for good food. 11 a.m.-1 a.m. Dinner from \$2.85.

● Gibraltar Room, Prudential bldg., Randolph & Michigan (MI 2-7676). A super-Stouffer's serving steaks and chops in a modified colonial room of decided masculine character and a sweeping view of Michigan ave. 11-9. Closed Sun. Lunch from \$1.25; dinner from \$2.

● Hoe Sai Gai, 85 w. Randolph (AN 3-6474). Cantonese cuisine; hong sue gai, a mixture of chicken and Chinese vegetables, is a specialty. 11 a.m.-2 a.m.;

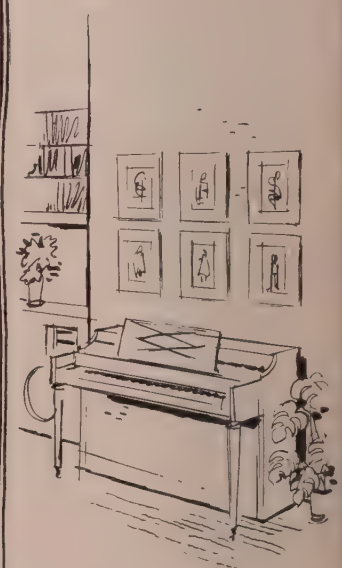
A TOUCH OF THE ORIENT



HAND CARVED
IVORY EARRINGS
STERLING FITTINGS
Prepaid **\$3.25**

OTHER DESIGNS AVAILABLE AT STORE
KEN STUDIOS 505 N. State St.
Hand Made Ceramic • CHICAGO 10 • SU-7-7587 • Imports

Acrosonic



Contemporary

... designed with a timeless simplicity and crispness of line that will make the Contemporary as cherished tomorrow as it is today.

Baldwin

323 South Wabash Avenue
WABash 2-6900

Sat. till 3 a.m. Lunch \$.75-\$2; dinner \$1.55-\$4.

● Ireland's, 632 n. Clark (DE 7-2020). If it's seafood, this old-time restaurant will have it. 11:30-1 a.m. Dinner \$2-\$5.

● Italian Village, 71 w. Monroe (DE-9192; DE 2-9857). Two restaurants offering authentic Florentine cooking. Such rare (in Chicago) dishes as cannelloni and manicotti imbottini may be had. 11-1 a.m.; Sat. till 2; Sun. noon-1 a.m. Lunch from \$1.25; dinner from \$2.

● Jacques', 900 n. Michigan (DE 7-9040). A vastly varied menu, studded with wine-prepared dishes such as breast of guinea hen Montmorency. 11:30-10:30. Lunch \$1.70-\$2.60; dinner \$3.80-\$6.

● London House, 360 n. Michigan (AN 3-6920). Steaks and chops are served to the tune of Teddy Williams' modern trio thru Sept. 8 and Erroll Garner's trio thereafter. Dinner from \$3.75. 7:30 a.m.-4 a.m.

● Marquis pastry shop & restaurant, 1153 n. State (WH 3-0538). Armenian shish-kebab and old-country style home-made pastries are specialties. 11-9; Sun. 2-11 p.m. Lunch from \$.70; dinner from about \$2.

● Red Star Inn, 1528 n. Clark (WH 4-9637). One of the most extensive

menus in the city, awesome portions and excellent German cooking. 4-midnight. Dinner from \$1.75.

● St. Hubert's Grill, 316 Federal (WE 9-8770). Red-coated waiters serve Shropshire chops and Yankee pot roast as well as many other well-cooked dishes in an old English setting. Women may dine upstairs. Noon-11 p.m. Closed Sun. Dinner from \$3.25.

● Stock Yard Inn, 42nd & Halsted (YA 7-5580). Guests choose their beef and watch it branded at their table. Other dishes are offered for iconoclasts. 11:30-2:30 & 5-10; Sun., 1-8:30. Dinner \$3.25-\$6.

● Sweden House, 157 e. Ohio (SU 7-3350). Scandinavian fare of wide and tasty variety in a handsome setting. 11:30-2:30 & 5-9; Sun. 4-9. Lunch from \$.75; dinner from \$1.75.

● Well of the Sea, Sherman hotel, Clark & Randolph (FR 2-2100). Deep sea menu and decor. Black light picks out phosphorescent buttons on the waiters' jackets in an eerily undersea manner. Noon-midnight; Sun. 4-9. Lunch from \$1.60; dinner al la carte from \$2.55.

suburban & beyond

● The Chalet, 425 Waukegan, Northbrook (CR 2-0135). Checkered tablecloths and German Swiss menu featuring such dishes as sauerbraten and geschnet-

lets with spaetzle. 4-1; Fri. & Sat. till 2; Sun., 12:30-midnight.

● Czech Lodge, 2519 s. Des Plaines, North Riverside (RI 7-9786). Visitors to Brookfield zoo find this a convenient place to indulge in a varied selection of Czech dishes. 11:30-11:30; Sat. from 5; Sun. from 2. Closed Mon. Lunch from \$.85; dinner from \$2.75.

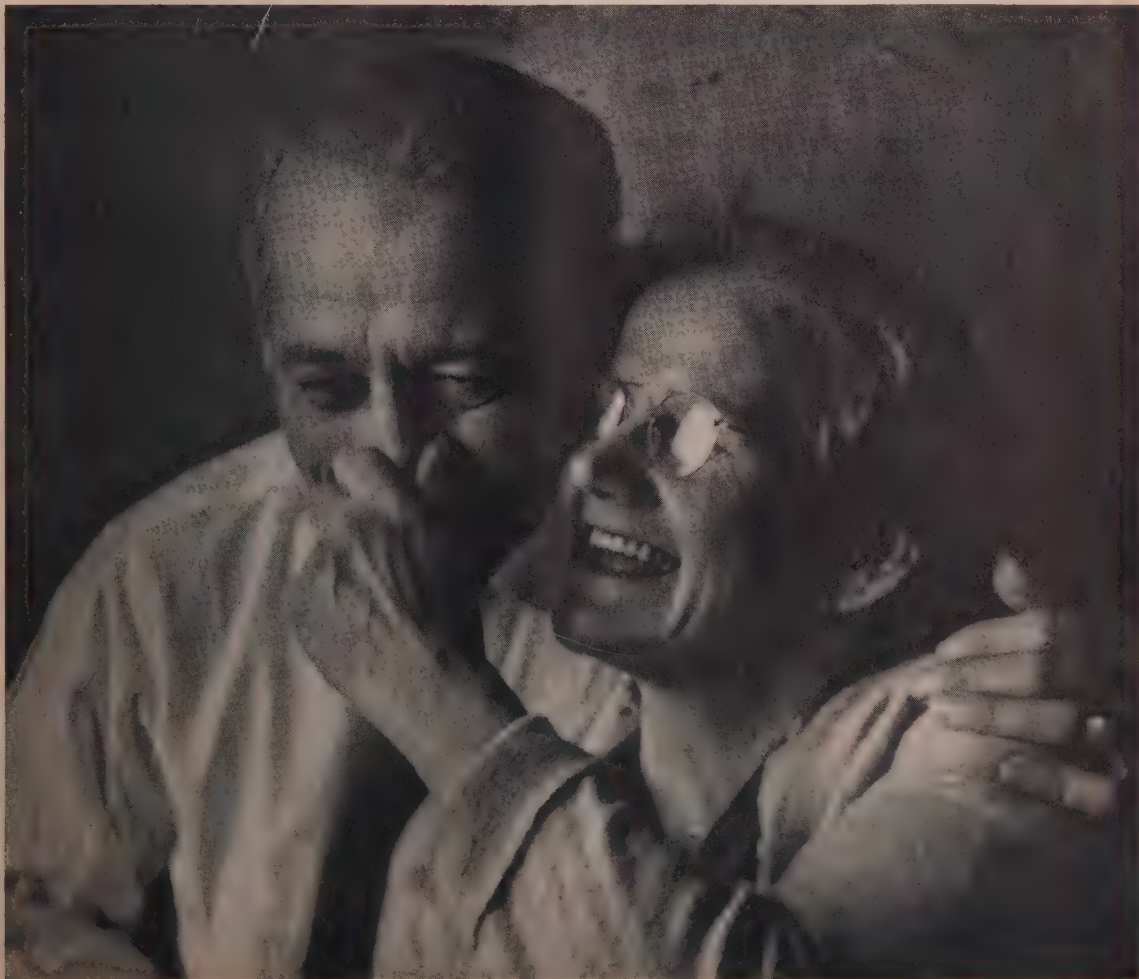
● Fanny's, 1601 Simpson, Evanston (GR 5-8686). Antipasto, spaghetti, and shish kebab en brochette all live up to a wide-spread fame. 5-10; Sun. noon-10. Dinner from \$1.75.

● Klas, 5734 Cermak, Cicero (OL-2-0795). Bohemian dishes served by costumed waitresses in a pleasant old-country dining room. 11:30-1 a.m. Closed Mon. Lunch from \$.50; dinner from \$2.50.

● Mathon's, 6 e. Clayton at the lake front, Waukegan (ON 2-3610). Lake trout, smelt, perch and whitefish are brought in daily. Seafood, steaks, chops and chicken also available. 11-9; Sat. & Sun. 11:30-9:30. Lunch from \$1.25; dinner from \$1.85.

● Villa d'Este, Cary rd., Cary (MERcury 9-2271). Continental dining in a converted country estate. The enclosed terrace offers a pleasant scene. 5-1 a.m.; Sun. from 3. Closed Mon. Dinner from \$3.75.

Advertisement



EDWARD WALLOWITCH / Illustrative Photography / 8 Barrow st., New York 14, N. Y. / Oregon 5-6822



WEST of the Water Tower

he hopes to see one

This verse is chalked on a wall at the College of Complexes:

I never saw a purple cow.
Of tears my eyes are full.
I never saw a purple cow,
And I'm a purple bull.

Hearst forbid

Overheard at a press party:

"The trouble is, so many people who work for the *American* feel defensive about it."

"Not me! Not me!"

the skeleton from Kinzie's closet

(*This elaboration fulfills a promise made in a footnote on page 45 of the May, 1956, issue of CHICAGO.*)

One of the most distinctive treasures of the Chicago Historical society, the bones of Jean Lalime lie encased in glass as a macabre reminder of what may have been the earliest local triumph of private enterprise.

Lalime was killed in a fight with John Kinzie, the first white resident of this area and a prominent founding father of the city.

The slaying climaxed a long period of enmity between Lalime and Kinzie which grew out of the antagonism of fur traders employed by the government toward those who operated independently.

Federal traders were hampered severely by a regulation prohibiting the use of firewater as a lubricant in dealing with the Indians. Private pelt collectors, not being subject to this restriction, enjoyed much more harmonious and lucrative commerce with the aboriginal trappers.

Lalime, having been appointed a government interpreter soon after the establishment of the first Fort Dear-

born in 1803, was on the side of the state in the conflict of economic and alcoholic philosophies. Kinzie, as a private fur dealer, was on the other side. His distribution of distilled largesse gave him a clout with the Redmen that embraced both business and personal relations. When the Fort Dearborn massacre of 1812 wiped out nearly the entire community, not a member of the Kinzie family was harmed, and the Kinzie home was left untouched.

Both Kinzie and Lalime were popular and influential citizens of pre-Chicago, and contemporary accounts of the fatal encounter in April, 1812, differed sharply in assessing the ultimate blame.

It has been pretty well established, however, that Lalime inflicted the first wound, hitting Kinzie in the neck with a shot from a pistol. Kinzie then stabbed the "little Frenchman" to death with a knife he had been carrying since the Indians warned him that Lalime was out to get him.

Immediately after the fight Kinzie took to the bush and hid out in Milwaukee until it was clear that he would be exonerated on grounds of self-defense.

As a government man, Lalime was especially well liked by the officers of the fort, and they buried him directly in front of Kinzie's house near the mouth of the river. But Kinzie turned this attempted rebuke into a public relations measure by erecting a fence around the grave and keeping it tended throughout his life.

Later the land was subdivided by Kinzie's son, and Lalime was all but forgotten. Then, in April, 1891, workmen digging for the foundation of a new building at Cass (now Wabash) and Illinois unearthed the skeleton. They were inclined to treat it casually until a neighbor called the police for help in saving the bones.

They were taken in a soapbox to the East Chicago Avenue police station, then to the county morgue. Maj. Joseph Kirkland, chronicler of the Fort Dearborn massacre, pulled a few strings to separate the remains from official custody and presented them to the Historical society along with a scholarly paper establishing their identity.

how a thief fell out

In many respects, Tony the Gyp's place was just like scores of other bars which flourished here a few years ago when any convention visitor was considered fair game for hustlers of every kind.

It stood at the northeast corner of Rush and Illinois, where a brightly lighted, thoroughly honest saloon now caters to workingmen.

In Tony the Gyp's day, things were much different. The bar was dimly lighted. The booths were usually in darkness, even when occupied. The spotlight that played upon the piano player was so faint that his features were barely visible.

A stranger seldom had time to finish his first drink before a girl was at his side attempting to strike up a conversation. If the stranger turned out to be a native with limited funds, the girl glided away into the darkness. But if he was a conventionner out for an evening on the town, the trap snapped.

There were two things that set Tony the Gyp's trap for suckers apart from other bars of its type. One was the cold-blooded efficiency with which its employes plundered the patrons. The other was Tony himself.

He was a thick-set man in his late 40s, standing 5 feet 11. He had a wild mop of curly hair, heavily streaked with gray, and a profile like John

Barrymore's. He was always smiling, forever cheerful, and even those conventioners who were able to find their way back to his place, to protest about being ruthlessly robbed, returned to their home towns convinced that Tony the Gyp had had nothing to do with it.

Fundamentally, Tony was a warm and gregarious man, and he could never understand why any stigma was attached to his occupation.

"They're out to spend it—they're suckers, ain't they?" he'd say. "What if I grab it from them? Somebody's going to. Why not me?"

But though he bought drink after drink for the house in the Corona, the Alexandria, the Croydon, the Corner House, the Boul Mich, and other bars in the neighborhood, Tony was invariably treated coolly by those who knew him for what he was.

Like most men whose formal education has been meager, Tony the Gyp considered writing to be the greatest of all arts. Any newspapermen who came into his bar was as safe as a baby in its mother's arms. The B-girls were under strict orders not to try to cadge drinks off him. The bartenders didn't dare trifle with his change, or treat him gruffly because of his small tips, or doctor his whisky with a mickey finn. And Tony the Gyp always stopped for a chat and to buy a few drinks for his distinguished guest.

Two reporters, newly arrived in town in 1943, became steady patrons of the place without realizing what went on behind the scenes. They discovered one night that they had a nebulous tie with Tony: he, too, had worked for a number of years in the city from which they had come. In fact, it was there that he had piled up a big enough stake to enable him to enter business in Chicago.

"I'm a molder, see," he explained to them. "All my life since I was eleven, I've been in foundries. I was as big then as I am now, and maybe stronger, and working 10, 12, 14 hours a day, all over Europe. That's why I'm called the Gyp, I guess. You get it? A gypsy, a wanderer, see. So finally I become an American and I'm working in our old home town. Eight hours, five days a week, and good pay. I quit drinking. No women. I save money. Now, you see"—he waved toward the well-stocked bar, the dark booths where the B-girls were mooching drinks from customers, the piano player whose

music was always soft and sentimental—"now I've got all this."

He was proud of his role in life and, after a few months passed, he confided everything to his two new friends. He had only six regular employes: two taxi drivers, two B-girls, and two bartenders who were skilled at drugging drinks and picking pockets. Actually, many more people were involved in the operation. The B-girls had friends who arrived at a moment's notice whenever there were enough sheep to be sheared, and the taxi drivers would let some of their fellow workers in on the racket if they were willing to steer the suckers in for a flat fee.

It was the era of the all-night bar, and at 5 or 6 in the morning the records were examined and everyone was paid off. A separate sheet was kept for each chump. It showed who brought him in, which girls were in the booth with him, how much he was charged for drinks, and how much he was robbed of after he had been drugged into grogginess.

Only a few stragglers drifted into Tony the Gyp's place off the street. As a result, the taxi drivers were the most important cogs in his machine. It was their task to see to it that the sucker was prosperous and, above all, not a Chicagoan. They tried to keep him somewhat confused about where he was being taken, and they had to

get him away when he was scarcely able to stand up. Occasionally they erred and brought in a well-dressed drunk who ordered several rounds for the girls and hadn't a cent on him.

"It's part of the game," Tony the Gyp would say philosophically. "Anybody can make a mistake."

But he tolerated no missteps on the part of a B-girl. She could never work for him again if she slipped off to see the chump later at another rendezvous in the hope of fleecing him out of more money. As a rule, there was little chance of her doing so, for the victim rarely recovered from the knockout drops until another day had gone by. Moreover, he awoke to find that he had been stripped of every penny and, quite often, had made out a sizable check to Tony the Gyp to cover a "gambling debt," of which he hadn't the slightest recollection.

After they learned the true nature of Tony the Gyp's business, the two reporters decided they were not quite as blasé as they had assumed. They stopped visiting his bar.

Undoubtedly he realized what was going on in their minds. They were the first friends he had had in years. The big-bosomed young blonde with whom he lived couldn't talk about anything but clothes and cars. So he began turning up at the bars which the two reporters now frequented. He



never reproached them or suggested dropping into his place. They drank together and talked nostalgically about mutual acquaintances in the city where the three of them formerly lived. He'd have three ringside seats for a prizefight, or three box seats for a ball game—couldn't they all go together? If they ran short of money between paydays, as reporters often do, Tony the Gyp was ready to lend them any amount.

Thus matters stood among the three of them for several years.

Tony the Gyp was growing rich, quietly, without ostentation, when suddenly he made the mistake of evidencing his wealth; he bought a small stable of race horses.

A few months later five hard-faced men came into the bar to see him. They had a business proposition to discuss. Their spokesman was a glib,

went one humiliation after another without a single protest. Outwardly he seemed unchanged—always smiling, ing, forever cheerful—and since he was a thief without scruples, he began to win the friendship of his new associates, who belonged in the same category.

Then, in the spring of 1948, Tony the Gyp became ill and went to see a doctor. A few days later he heard the bad news.

"You've got to take it easy from now on," the doctor told him. "Give up your business if you can afford to. Just loaf around."

"For how long?"

"It's hard to say."

"But I've got to know. You can tell me, doc. I can take it."

"Well, no one can say for certain. I'd guess maybe a year, maybe less."

His associates laughed at him when

on for years in Tony the Gyp's place, it seemed strange that this case was cleared up so quickly. Instead of protesting that the girl was unknown to him, Tony the Gyp immediately gave the sucker and the police her name and address. In a few hours she was in jail. Before nightfall the loot was recovered.

The sucker wanted to avoid publicity and he didn't press charges against Jackie. But the *American* used a two-column picture of her and carried a story a half column long. Consequently, the police moved in on Tony. In 24 hours his place was shuttered. Within a week he was deprived of his license.

Tony the Gyp was out of business.

And so were the underworld associates who had dealt themselves in on his profits.

Tony gave up drinking. He sold his horses. He began living quietly. In the afternoons he loafed around a Near North Side handbook. Sometimes he got involved in the betting. He thought nothing of dropping a thousand or two in a day; money no longer had any meaning. In the evenings, he'd take his blonde to a movie and, afterward, to a smart place to dine.

Two or three times he grew tired of this monotonous way of life and embarked on new business ventures. He stayed at them for only a short while.

Now and then he'd get in touch with his two friends, but since he wasn't permitted to drink he no longer cared about touring bars with them, and his doctor had forbidden him to go to prizefights or other events where the excitement would be a strain on him.

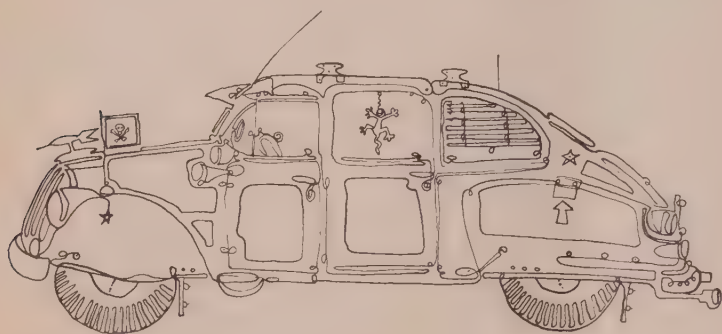
He had been dead for two days before his two friends learned of it. One of them happened to see his name in the paid death notices in the *Tribune*. That night they went to the undertaker's on the West Side.

Death had taken away his ingratiating smile and, in his casket, Tony the Gyp was another Dorian Gray—no longer was there any trace of a warm, generous, charming friend; this was an appropriate face for a thief—cruel, vicious, greedy.

As the two reporters were leaving, the undertaker stopped them.

"You're the only friends who called on him," he said. "Will you be here in the morning for the services?"

They told him no.



handsome man, who explained that under the new arrangement Tony the Gyp would suffer no loss in authority and would, in fact, reap a far richer harvest.

"What can I do?" Tony asked his two friends. "These guys say they're syndicate. You say there's no syndicate. But what can I do? I ain't scared. They'd be crazy to knock me off. But they could ruin my business, couldn't they? Anybody could. I'm not legit. Anybody could keep on having me raided, see."

Eventually Tony took the easy way out. For a while the glib, handsome man—Paul Labriola, who was slain and stuffed in an auto trunk in a gangland mystery in March, 1954—was a full-fledged partner of Tony the Gyp, though his name did not appear on any licenses, nor did he have any cash investment in the bar.

For months Tony the Gyp under-

he suggested that they buy his interest in the place. They were willing to let him stay home and cut him in on the profits, but why put cash into a bar which they already controlled?

A few nights later an unprecedented thing occurred at Tony the Gyp's. Jackie, a B-girl who was Tony's oldest employe in point of service, left in a taxi with a chump. She not only violated Tony's long-standing rule, but there were those who said that Tony himself had encouraged her to do so.

The inevitable happened. The chump awoke alone in his hotel room. All his money, his watch, his rings—one a \$2,000 diamond which his wife had given him—everything of value was gone. He had to get the diamond back before he returned to Missouri or his wife would never forgive him. He went to the police.

In the light of what had been going

"Well, I've arranged everything. His girl friend, you know, is prostrated. She can't attend. But she's paid for everything. I'll have a preacher in and some acquaintances of mine will be present. Everything will be done to give him a respectable funeral."

The air was sharp and crisp as the two reporters stepped into the street. They breathed deeply of it. Then they walked toward their car.

"It's been a cheerful evening," the younger reporter said.

"How do you figure that?" his companion asked.

"I'm looking at the picture as a whole," the young man said. "I'm considering humanity. Just think how reassuring four words can be."

"Four words?"

"Yes. In Tony's death notice. Don't you remember the sentence? 'He left no survivors.'"

it is written

On a 1941 Chevrolet coupe often parked near Grand and Harding: "For Sale—Like New."

sort of middle-middle

Said one bearded youth to another bearded youth in a Hyde Park dram shop: "It's not a real *expensive* place—just a nice bourgeois evening."

host to the brewers of the world

The *braumeister* of Meister Brau is kept pretty busy all the time supervising the concoction of that beer and Peter Hand's Reserve, but this month he'll be even more occupied. He has been charged with heading the arrangements committee for the 69th convention of the Master Brewers Association of America, to be held September 22 through 28 at the Conrad Hilton hotel, the Eighth Street theater and the International Amphitheater.

This convention, the first one the group has held here since 1933, will be a particularly grand affair, for a couple of reasons. Every few years the assembly includes a display of the latest brewing equipment, and this is one of those years. Also, since the war foreign beer makers have been attending in increasing numbers, and this time they will come from Mexico,

South America and Japan, as well as various parts of Europe.

The Peter Hand brewmaster, Richard H. Seibold (officially bearing the longer but less piquant title of vice-president in charge of production), is well qualified to receive all these big barley and hops men.

His uncle was the first brewmaster at Peter Hand when it opened in 1891, and he brought Richard here from Germany in 1908 when he was 14 years old to teach him the art. The apprentice worked his way up through the ranks and the vats and became brewmaster himself when Prohibition was repealed in 1933.

A while back Seibold went to Europe to tour the leading breweries of the Continent and drum up interest in the convention. He reminisced about that trip a few weeks ago in his knotty pine-paneled office on North avenue overlooking Goose Island.

Although he has a framed reproduction of Steig's "People Are No Damn Good" cartoon and an ashtray bearing the same design, Seibold is genial and relaxed. He is handsome in a slightly Adolphe Menjouish way. He wears horn-rimmed glasses and has straight

white hair on part of his head.

He retains a trace of a German accent that causes him to call his secretary "Choanne" and one of his assistants "Chorge."

While overseas, he said, he visited more than 20 breweries in such places as Munich ("The Milwaukee of Europe"), Copenhagen, Brussels, Rotterdam, Amsterdam, Dublin and London.

He described European beers as being "hoppier and heavier" than ours, meaning that they have a gentler flavor and a greater percentage of solids. Beers made there for export to the United States, he pointed out, tend to be heavier than ours but lighter than those intended for consumption at home. The apparent explanation is that Americans just can't handle beer like their cousins abroad. Before Prohibition Peter Hand made a quite heavy brew, but stopped because of complaints from bartenders that customers didn't drink it fast enough. The present Peter Hand Reserve lies midway between the two extremes of brewing methods, and is similar to the European export beers.

Seibold described the Carlsberg brewery in Copenhagen as a "must"



stop for all brewers touring Europe. He said it was founded by a man named Jacobson who was a strong believer in constant research looking toward improvement of every phase of the brewing operation. Jacobson's son was an art lover who didn't completely share his father's dedication to the business. Eventually he went off and started his own brewery.

When the elder Jacobson died, the son inherited his firm. He then combined the two breweries and directed that the profits should thereafter be divided equally between patronizing the arts and pursuing research.

The results in the latter field have been awesome, and the Carlsberg laboratories have been Mecca for progressive brewers for many years. The plant itself is also unusual. It maintains a large nursery school for employees' children, who can be left in the care of a trained staff on the grounds while their parents are working.

The climax of Seibold's trip was his visit to Bavaria, including his birthplace, Neresheim, near Stuttgart. Looking over the sights he hadn't seen for nearly 50 years, he observed that "everything looks the same, only smaller."

He toured the priory at Andechs, near Munich, last survivor of what was once a large group of monastery-breweries in that area. The monks serve their beer in a nearby restaurant and will sell it to tavern owners on request, but don't advertise, lest they be accused of unfair competition with private enterprise. Their ancient abode, founded in 1455, is equipped with modern mechanical brewing equipment.

In Munich itself, Seibold was particularly intrigued by the renowned Lowenbraü brewery, a plant about the same size as Peter Hand. This firm still has its draught beer delivered in big wooden barrel wagons pulled by horses wearing polished brass harnesses. The horses have a nice vacation arrangement. They work for six months and then loaf for an equal period to rest their feet. This delivery system, Seibold said, "is a nice tradition, but it's expensive, and they're trying to get away from it gradually."

While in Munich the brewmaster enjoyed visiting the huge taverns where whole families gather to consume huge quantities of beer amid community singing and other forms

of *gemütlichkeit*. "Nobody seemed to get drunk," he said, "and by 11:30 at night the places would be empty."

His hosts took him to one place where the smallest serving of beer was a half-gallon stein. Being an American, albeit a brewer, Seibold couldn't keep up with his companions. "What's the matter?" one of the Lowenbraü people asked him. "Don't you like our beer?"

quote of the month

A girl from Brooklyn on her departure after a short local vacation: "Chicago's a nice place to visit, but I wouldn't want to live here."

his farthest exile to date

On a recent television drama set in the Pennsylvania Dutch territory, the heroine looked out into the street and said, "Something must be wrong; Officer Muller's out there!"

onion planter to the world, stacker of cabbage

In a metropolis known for its paradoxes, what may be the most outstanding one is perhaps the least apparent. The fact that Cook county leads all others in volume and diversity of industry has gotten around pretty well. But the information that it also finds room to rank near the top in value and variety of farm products is news to most natives, as well as visitors.

The last census showed Cook having more farm income than 97 per cent of the counties in the country.

This almost unique coexistence of gigantic factory and farm enterprise is not destined to endure. Industry and its concomitants have taken over huge plots of fertile land since the war; subdivisions and whole new towns have risen where corn used to climb. Even Schaumburg, colonized by German farmers and last of the county's townships to lack an incorporated settlement, has lately fallen prey to surveyors and excavators. The day can be foreseen when agriculture will be as rare throughout the county as it is now within the city limits. But that

day is not tomorrow, and it is safe to assume that the figures of the 1950 census, latest ones available, still give a fairly accurate picture of the formidable cultivation of Cook.

These statistics say, for example, that in 1949, Cook county farms sold \$24,000,000 worth of products, ranking 76th among the 3,000 or so counties in the country.

But where are the farms? To most people Cook county is Chicago and some of its suburbs. And there aren't

Prairie Farmer photo



Mitchell Slonina raises mushrooms near Mt. Prospect in specially constructed buildings designed to duplicate underground conditions used for this kind of farming in other places. Since general lighting would harm the crop, he wears a miner's lamp while inspecting it.

many farms around State and Madison, or 63rd and Halsted, or in Evanston, Oak Park or La Grange. There are a few small plots of land where vegetables are raised within the city limits, but these can hardly be considered real farms.

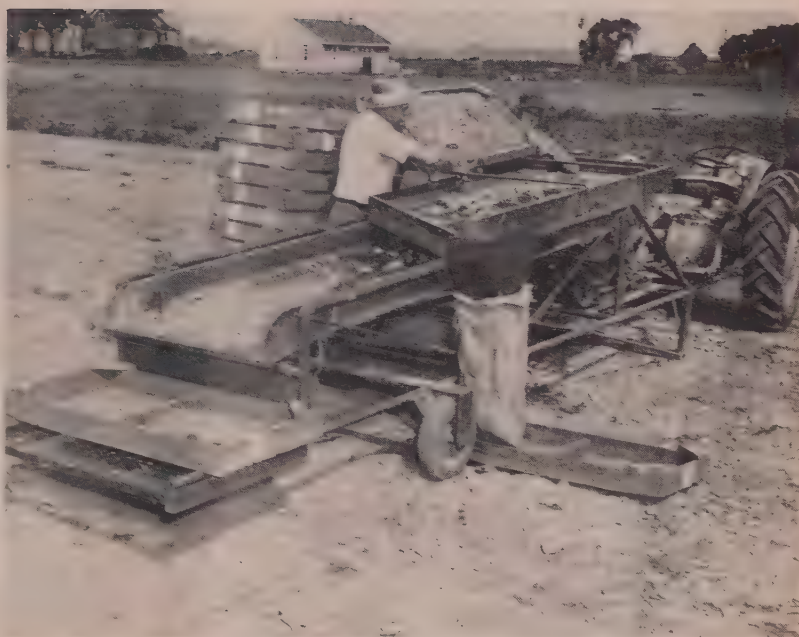
To see real farmland, though, the curious need only drive down some of the side roads in the southern end of the county, away from Park Forest and the other kid-hatcheries. Better still they can go west from Des Plaines on the Algonquin road, Illinois route 62. It is nearly 20 miles to the county line, and much of the drive is through the rolling, verdant farm country of Elk Grove, Schaumburg, Palatine and Barrington townships.

Corn cribs, silos and big barns are more common than streets and sidewalks, and beef cattle, dairy cattle and pigs may be seen from the highway. On the side roads in that north-

western part of the county there are still some one-room school houses, white frame country churches, and even a few teams of draft horses at work in the fields.

Cook is the top county in Illinois in farm income per acre, and leads in number of different crops raised. Only four of the 102 Illinois counties have more than Cook's total of 3,000 farms. These supply plenty of material for an interesting and varied diet, both liquid and solid, for a lot of people. Consider, for example, the possibilities of Cook county's 54,000 acres of corn, 36,000 acres of oats, and smaller acreages of wheat, rye and barley. Ten thousand apple trees add up to a lot of pie, and, somewhere in Cook county, optimists are even raising 1,000 peach trees.

Cook's 25,000 acres of hay result in a lot of meat and milk. And statistics show that about 14,000 pigs are born in the county each year. Fortun-



Above, harvesting onion sets on the C. W. Paarlberg farm at South Holland. Below, Henry Eichholz and his son, Al, transplant tomato plants on their farm near Glenview. Tanks provide water and fertilizer solution to give sets a good start in their new environment. The machine is drawn along by a tractor, and the men take turns putting plants in the trench it digs.

Prairie Farmer photo



ately, we have 1,500 acres of cabbage, which should produce abundant sauerkraut to go with all those pig's knuckles.

The county's 1,600 acres of carrots are enough to feed not only multitudes of people, but also swarms of

happy rabbits. And the thought of 600 acres of asparagus should delight all the asparagus lovers from here to Holstenborg.

But no one could claim that the county is nutritionally self-sufficient—how could its 130 acres of popcorn

supply the movie houses? An even sadder note is the fact that there is practically no production of malt and hops.

Nationally, Cook county is near the top in a number of agricultural categories, besides having more Farm Bureau members than any other county. In acreage of all vegetables harvested for sale, the census showed Cook to be 25th county in the United States, in sweet corn 41st, in cabbage 21st, in tomatoes 21st and in onions 7th.

In value of nursery and green house products, including vegetable and flower seeds, plants and bulbs, Cook is second only to Los Angeles county. Besides being many times as large as Cook, Los Angeles county has, of course, the advantage of a continuous abundant flow of hot air unequalled anywhere outside of Texas.

Cook county produces more onion "sets" than all of the rest of the United States put together. Nurturing of these babies for transplanting elsewhere centers around the old Dutch community of South Holland. And it makes Chicago, the Indian "home of the wild onion," the capital of the tame one, too.



Lowney, now over 50, looks considerably younger in this picture taken last year. She and James Jones live high on the hog while her other "boys" lead spartan existence. They're shown at her cottage.

The works of Marcel Proust

and Die-lane Thompson are verboten at

Mrs. Handy's Curious Colony

The author of From Here to Eternity and a number of less renowned writers inhabit a strange settlement downstate. A refugee tells of his experiences with this remarkable retreat, and its totally outlandish sponsor.

by David Ray

In its relentless search for waking, walking illustrations of the American Dream, *Life* magazine seldom finds one as sublime as that which unfolded between pages 142 and 157 on May 7, 1951. And it hardly ever discovers one so phony.

Ten weeks after the publication of James Jones' *From Here to Eternity*, *Life* revealed the story behind the story. It was a tale of a childless housewife in downstate Illinois who, with "immense and immediate compassion," had mothered and teachered a young adult delinquent into writing a great novel. Now she was doing the same for several more boys. The story was heart-rending. It was also inaccurate as to fact and incredibly romanticized in interpretation.

I was able to find out the truth about Jones' mentor because, having struck it rich with him, she was able to set up a "colony" for mass production of other great writers. Eager to join the raw material on this assembly line, I enrolled there in 1953 and entered a world as unreal as a dream, but not nearly so exalted.

I found that the colony might better have been described as a prison.

It was complete with cells, a rockpile and simple, skimpy food, and certainly much harder to get out of than the reformatory at St. Charles.

If the colony was moderately implausible, its ruler, Mrs. Lowney Handy, passed all belief. Her daily activities including swearing like a soldier in *From Here to Eternity*; mispronouncing the names of leading literary figures and misinterpreting their works; writing stacks of long, single-spaced letters full of occult philosophy, incoherent advice and capital letters; and, most characteristically, keeping up a continuous cycle of mood changes between equanimity and rage. Once, at the zenith of the latter phase, she hurled full-sized building bricks at three terrified youths who had displeased her.

Typically, an aspiring writer finds his way into this dream world of sorts after reading articles like the one in *Life* or an equally eulogistic description of the colony that appeared in *Writer's Digest* more recently.

He may write Mrs. Handy a letter something like this: "I have read the article in *Writer's Digest* and it is wonderful how you taught James

Jones to be a great writer. I want to be a great writer, too. I would like to get help like you offer. If you would like, I'll send you manuscripts to analyze my promising talent."

The letter is addressed to Robinson, Illinois, a town of about 7,000 people 200 miles straight south of here, where the publicity generally describes Mrs. Handy as living with her husband, Harry. Harry, who actually lives alone and usually sees his wife only on week ends, forwards the letter to her at the colony, which is located on the outskirts of Marshall (population 3,000) about 30 miles away.

Lowney's answer is a two-page, single-spaced letter that is very encouraging indeed. It says that her job is to make great writers, and she notes philosophically that "many are called but few are chosen." It says that it isn't easy, the competition is terrific and involves complete dedication. But if you have the "faith of a grain of mustard seed" and submit yourself to her rules, you, too, will be great. Attached is a bus ticket to Marshall.

The young writer is happy. He leaves school or his wife and children and immediately catches a bus, lug-

photographs from
St. Louis Post-Dispatch



ging a portable typewriter and a suitcase full of manuscripts.

My own introduction to the colony deviated from this pattern, but not fundamentally.

After graduating from the College of the University of Chicago in 1952, I had applied for a scholarship in the English department, but was turned down for bad grades, easily incurred by too many nights of writing, and, more often, beer, pizza and that kind of talk for which University of Chicago undergraduates are so justly famous.

Understandably discouraged, I had borrowed money and returned to my home in Tucson to attend the University of Arizona. That well-ventilated institution offered a great deal in the line of sorority and fraternity parties, Cadillac convertibles and natural blondes. Academically there were enough good courses in English to occupy one semester's work.

Just as the university was running out of courses and I was running out of interest, word turned up at the English department's lunch table in the cafeteria that James Jones, recently published American Naturalist, was staying at a local trailer camp.

Three of us made the inevitable decision to meet Jones, and the very next evening drove out to the trailer court which was, to say the least, immense and expensive, equipped with little patios for each trailer, as well as with a large swimming pool. We soon found his gigantic and ironically named Spartan trailer. We encountered no resistance but were admitted

into the book-lined interior (complete sets of such items as the Viking Portable Library) by a barrel-chested fellow dressed in levis and a stack of turquoise bracelets. This turned out to be Jones.

He offered and lighted cigarettes for us and immediately drew us into a discussion of the works of Thomas Wolfe, Theodore Dreiser and James Jones. Although I had never cared for Wolfe, I had read some of his work, and I discoursed wildly, challenged by Jones' status into a duel-to-the-death battle of wits, predestined to defeat by the fact of his fame.

Finally, when Wolfe failed, I pulled out a manuscript and asked Jones to read it. He put on his glasses and after squinting a while (it was single-spaced) promised to read it carefully and "show it to Lowney." He then explained that Lowney was the first name of a woman of depth and integrity, Mrs. Handy. Not only was she his mentor ("She taught me everything I know about writing"), but she also loved to repeat this performance, making hopeful young men into great writers. In fact, it was a kind of mission with her.

Before we left Jones gave me Lowney's address in Robinson, advising me to write to her inquiring about her writing colony. We departed with a buoyancy which only those who have just met their first best-seller can possibly understand.

I wrote to Mrs. Handy asking for general information about her writing colony, and in a few days received a letter from her postmarked Tucson,

requesting that I not reveal (even to my friends) that she was in town, adding that she had read my manuscript and would like to talk to me the following Friday afternoon. With her characteristic passion for elaboration, she said that my two friends had forfeited their chances for her help by proving that they didn't really want to be writers—i.e., by not bringing manuscripts when they met Jones and by failing to write to her as promptly as I had. My futile attempts to explain that I wrote primarily as a spokesman for all three of us did not move her.

I appeared the next Friday at an address she had given me, a large adobe house in the residential section of Tucson—where she was boarding three members of her colony for the winter.

Lowney, then 49, was intense and friendly and got right to the heart of the matter. Did I really want to be a great writer? she inquired with bold wide eyes. Was I really willing to work? She explained that it wasn't all a rosy path and there were many heart-breaking discouragements. After pulling out my manuscripts and spreading them on the floor in the most bulky fashion possible I nodded my head in answer to her questions.

She declared that I was a natural and that if I'd just put my career in her hands I'd be a great writer in no time at all—"just like Jim." Furthermore, she requested me to make three wishes, all of which she would grant with her mental magic wand. "I can make or break people," she declared



then as frequently afterwards. The only price I had to pay for the fulfillment of the wishes (only one of which had to be the great writer idea; the other two could be anything in the world) was complete devotion to her orders (she called them "commandments"); sacrifice of all personal possessions, including human relationships; the endurance of a copy program (copying verbatim "works of the masters" which she assigned), and a large percentage of all eventual royalties.

My brain hot with the fantasy of sudden glory, I thought it sounded great. I gave up my books (to the colony), girl, a couple of sports coats and the University of Arizona. Unimpeded, I rushed toward fame.

The following month brought daily lunches with Jones, Lowney and the three "boys" (aged 23 to 35), after which there were violent discussions of literature. These would be punctuated by her pronouncements on writing, such as "Great writing is written on several levels," "The only way to write well is to go beyond the intellect" and "If there is anything I can't abide it's the kind of beer-drinking intellectuals who go in for T. S. Eliot."

Jones and the boys would nod agreement, and often he would interpolate his own incisive observations, such as "What we need is more sonofabitching rebels writing" and "People take it for granted a doctor has to take eight years to learn but yell like hell when a writer says it takes him eight years to learn."

We took group trips to the foothills of the Catalina mountains, where we made notes on the flora (cactus) for inclusion in our novels as "Americana." On our own time we were all copying furiously the short stories and novels Lowney had assigned, including the works of such immortals as William March, Raymond Chandler, Tess Slesinger and John Marquand.

After a month of copying, riding motorcycles, discussing "literature" and watching card games, I became skeptical of the crackpot atmosphere and told Lowney I didn't want to go into her colony after all. We had a violent argument and she said I wasn't

"ready" for her teaching, anyway. However, three hours later the landlady in the rooming house where I lived knocked on my door and told me I had company. I went upstairs to the parlor, where I found Jones and Lowney smiling sweetly and asking me to go for a ride to talk things over.

Lowney apologized for the heated discussion of the afternoon, and told me she thought I was really ready for the colony, and needed her help. If I worked hard and dedicated myself, she was sure she could get a publisher's advance for me within the year. I decided, after all, to go into the colony, particularly after she told me what a hard lot she had and how much money it cost her to run the colony, feeding as many as thirteen "boys" and even providing such luxuries as cigarettes.

SUMMER CAME, and like the birds we headed north for the season. Lowney drove back in her Buick convertible. Harry Handy flew out and drove Jones's red Jaguar. The boys rode their motorcycles, and Jones and I, joined by another "apprentice" writer who had come over from San Francisco, headed east in Jones' Chrysler convertible, lugging his trailer.

After stopping, on the way out of town, at a local nightclub, where Jones said goodbye to the bartender, we were soon speeding along at 70. I was a little ruffled in the backseat, for though the front was wide enough for four, Lowney had issued orders that the apprentices must sit in the back all the way. Jones blithely whistled a hundred variations on *Sleepy Time Gal* as we cruised along.

We spent nights at Lordsburg, New Mexico, and Lubbock, Texas. In Lordsburg we walked down a dusty road to a tavern where we drank beer and Jones played the pinball machines. He had made quite a study of them, and was an expert.

None of the people in these places recognized him, so he told them who he was, and not to tell anybody else. We were very proud, of course, to be around such a celebrity. I think we probably felt about the way Jones himself felt on his visits to Hollywood. And actually he looked more like a movie star than a writer, for writers seldom wear expensive and gaudy Western shirts, cowboy boots, dark glasses, turquoise bracelets and block-long trailers.

In Texas we were stopped by a patrol car for speeding and for violating a state law regarding the length of trailers. But the patrolman, an admirer of *From Here to Eternity*, humbly settled for an autograph.

When we finally got to the colony,

I was disappointed. I think I had expected ivory towers. Instead I found two rows of barracks. Lowney's cabin with peeling paint nearby, a space for Jones' trailer and a central *cumodo* consisting of a kitchen, fireplace and library.

But the colony did offer privacy. Deep ravines, a swimming pool, flowers and considerable foliage isolated the place. The only ways to get in or out were a path that ran past Jones' trailer and a gate near Lowney's cabin.

The daily routine was simple. Up at 6 a.m., breakfast of instant coffee and toast (no food because "you think better that way"), no talking by the colony members because they are supposed to be rehearsing in their imaginations what they are going to write, writing steadily until noon (Lowney patrolled the grounds to insure the constant clattering of a typewriter from each room; reflection was not allowed), then lunch, where we could talk, but were forbidden to talk about writing.

After lunch we went to the rockpile, a great stack of bricks which Lowney provided and constantly replenished to supply us with a means of penitent work. The character Warden in *From Here to Eternity* received his name when Jones called Lowney "Warden" one day, jokingly referring to his incarceration.

For three hours each day we were allowed to swim or read, although I soon learned that reading was an indication of withdrawal and a refusal to accept Lowney's teaching in the properly devoted spirit. One afternoon, instead of swimming I sat reading a novel. One of the sad-eyed young men approached me wistfully and said "What's the matter, Dave, don't you like us?" I tried to explain that I didn't mind them at all, that I merely preferred to read. They still felt rejected, though. There were also lively boxing lessons by Jones, and after a while we were provided with a trampoline.

At 6 we had dinner. Like the other two meals it was pretty slight, so afterwards we "drank Jello." At first this puzzled me. The "boys" (their number for the summer was twelve, two of whom were bald) would pour water from a teakettle into a cup with a teaspoon of powdered Jello in it, cool the mixture like coffee, and drink it down. They laughed at my barbarous ignorance of the joys of Jello drinking, and soon, offered no alternative, I joined in with gusto. Actually it was pretty filling.

Lights were turned out at nine o'clock, after which no reading or noise was allowed. There was absolutely no variation in this schedule.

nor any way to distinguish one day from another; the rules were inflexible.

Naturally, the most oppressive aspect of colony life was the emotional hunger generated by being cut off from the world, forbidden even to write letters or to walk outside the grounds. After a month, even though you might agree with Lowney that a writer must be emotionally dedicated, you nevertheless begin to feel a certain need for satisfaction of basic lusts.

The first month I heard a lot of talk about "When's Lowney going to let us go over to Terre Haute again?" Terre Haute turned out to be a primeval memory the boys had of a night out, a letting loose, a holiday—a brief orgy. Its meaning is best represented by a conversation between a colony member and an incredulous visitor. The conversation also illustrates the peculiar attitude toward experience reflected in the colony rules.

"I don't mean to get personal, but I'm curious," the visitor said. "What do you do for sex around here?"

"Well, about once a month me and some of the boys take a trip over to Terre Haute. They have a good deal over there for ten dollars a piece," the member replied.

"That's a little impersonal, isn't it?" the visitor asked.

"That's the way I like it. No personal involvements that way. No emotions."

Over a month went by and we still hadn't got the *carte blanche* for Terre Haute. Finally one Sunday word hit the rockpile that Lowney had granted permission for us to go to a movie. It is impossible to describe how excited one could be over a mere movie after a month of the arid routine. Shouting, giggling, panting, we ran, showered and put on clean clothes. When we were about to pile into the jeep for our trip to the movie, a message was sent out from Lowney that she had changed her mind. Back to the rockpile.

My difficulties began early. I saw so many contradictions in Lowney between what she professed and did, that I could no longer maintain my faith in her as a great messianic leader. She and Jones ate steak regularly, though the rest of us were practically starved because "you think better that way." Isolation was enforced for us, but not for them. She told other women they couldn't write, but claimed that she herself could have written a greater novel than any of us if she hadn't sacrificed herself to teach. (*Life* said she did write one, which was rejected by a publisher shortly before she met Jones).

Despite my efforts at obedience, I was recalcitrant. For one thing, I asked

her questions. That was wrong, she said. Her opinions (culled primarily from Madame Blavatsky, Paul Brunton, W. Somerset Maugham and the unassailable Ralph Waldo Emerson) were to be accepted as law, just as were her commands about what subjects to write, what slant to use, and endlessly—what to copy.

Her opinions were to be accepted on faith. And sometimes, these opinions were hard to swallow. They extended to interpretations of stories she assigned us to copy. Here is a typical opinion (quoted from a letter) from her interpretative criticism, concerning Faulkner's story, *That Evening Sun*:

"I want you to concentrate and have mentioned a couple of stories with hidden meanings—or rather obscure implication—which in the case of Faulkner I am sure was written when he scarcely knew what was in it—the fact that he wrote it again and heightened it is indicative of that. Also if you read *Pylon* and pick out the one fine scene in it you will note a half hysterical nigger-wench whom I recognize as Nancy of the EVENING SUN—also whom I feel was Faulkner's mistress—or someone he crawled in bed with when he was especially hard-up—and out of her gossip and talking he concocted a story partly true, partly untrue since it came out of Nancy's *Great Ego* and her romancing to compensate for being of an inferior race. However, FAULKNER MUST HAVE KNOWN ALMOST CONSCIOUSLY WHAT HE WAS WRITING or else he did and he didn't know—but he did know that Nancy was full of hot air—"

Lowney goes on to state that Nancy was just pretending to be frightened that her husband Jesus would return and murder her for infidelity. The real point of the story had nothing to do with Nancy's impending doom, because, as the words of the song from which the title was taken clearly stated, "My man has done gone and left town." Obviously then, Lowney declared, Nancy could be in no real danger. She was actually only pretending to be afraid in order to gain the attention of the narrator's father, with whom she had been sleeping.

When Gene, the apprentice from San Francisco, quarreled with this interpretation, pointing out the reference to Nancy's bones in the ditch in Faulkner's later novel, *The Sound and the Fury*, he was kicked out of the colony.

Lowney was always writing rambling, effusive letters. When a colony member showed her something he had written, she would write him a letter and either hand it to him personally, or have one of the other boys deliver it. She encouraged the colony mem-

bers to show their letters to each other, so that her thoughts would have maximum circulation.

She also wrote letters for disciplinary and inspirational purposes. Gene had received one of these for writing to his girl in California. But he still had trouble adjusting to the colony, and when he disagreed with her about the Faulkner story, she decided to give him a final test. Since she felt that I shared his confusion, she called me to witness the test. She pulled down a book of Buddhist philosophy, opened it, read a paragraph, and told Gene to pick out the most important word. He missed, and was given orders to leave the colony within the hour. She held this up to me as a warning as to what would happen to letter-writers and question-askers. For Gene the dismissal was heartbreaking.

Even more than letter-writing, I wanted to be free to see the town of Marshall. That was not allowed, and the few looks I did get was when I went to the barbershop and the grocery store, escorted by another apprentice as if we were nuns. My alienation grew worse when I was caught with a copy of Proust which Lowney snatched

After author Ray had left the colony, Jones replaced his trailer with an expensive house on the grounds.





from me, ripped up and threw away. "I didn't tell you to read that," she shouted. "Your god-damned style's too intellectual and sissy-like as it is. Didn't I tell you to copy Dreiser? You're damned right I did. And why? Did you think about that? Did you? To get you out of that damned Proust style. That's one queer we don't read around here."

It was hard to accept her list of contraband writers: Proust (pronounced "Prowst"), Wallace Stevens (pronounced "Walter Stevens"), Kafka (pronounced "Kafka"), Dylan Thomas (pronounced "Die-lane Thompson"), etc.

As my disillusionment progressed the atmosphere and the petty intrigues among the apprentices for Lowney's favor became disgusting. But primarily my loss of faith was the failure to perceive, while being commanded to live in physical and emotional poverty, a similar dedication by Jones and Lowney.

I continued, however, to attempt to adjust, for I had invested so much of my energies and my capacity for fantasy in this brief adventure that I knew then how I would feel when I left—to use a convenient euphemism, an abysmal failure. I had committed myself, describing the place to my friends in such a way that I could not come out of this promised land unless I was either a great writer or lost face entirely. Then, too, I had nothing else to do. I had quit school. I had no money. I might have stayed there in sheer despair, year after year, until I, too, had become bald and spent five or six years working on my first chapter.

BUT THE SUDDEN and catastrophic appearance of three of my undergraduate friends from the University of Chicago cut short this future as an income tax deduction. They had read the article in *Life*. Later they heard I had gone to the colony, and decided to make the trip down to meet their first best-seller. They went to Robinson, where Harry told them the colony was in another nearby town but he couldn't say where unless permitted. He called the colony and Lowney invited the boys to come out the next morning for a visit.

After the phone call that night I was accused of having invited my friends to Marshall, thereby violating our rule of isolation. I defended myself by pointing out that they had gone to the wrong place, and said they had probably read the article in *Life*. The long list of my sins was shouted out accusingly—letter-writing, Proust-reading, question-asking, and, all too often, a silent typewriter.

The next morning at six o'clock, I was hauled away from my instant coffee by Jones and taken to Lowney's cabin. There she gave me a lecture, telling me to observe my friends closely when they came, because they would be "good material." I was prepared to do so, though I couldn't help feeling eager to see them, having been away from Chicago and my university friends for over a year.

After the lecture I sat on the steps of the cabin waiting for them to enter the gate dividing this protected colony from the outside world. The moment I saw them sauntering up the lane my feeling of joy at our reunion was stifled in my sense of danger. Waltzing up the path, these three characters epitomized several of Lowney's pet hatreds—eyeglasses (she had thrown mine away my first day in the colony, replacing them with a copy of *Sight Without Glasses*), a beret and a beard. My fears anticipated the destruction of the beret, the slashing of the beard and the crushing of the glasses.

But surprisingly Lowney received my friends with grace and invited them into her study. They sat on a sofa at the end of the room and she sat at her desk facing them. Immediately she demanded a confession that they really came not to visit me, but to meet Jones. They confessed their human nature. Then she started on the beret, the glasses, and finally the beard. "You're the ringleader." She pointed to my bearded friend (and indeed, he was).

"Do you know why people wear glasses?" she asked.

They answered in unison, "No," and she opened a book of occult philosophy to explain. In doing so, however, she reached for her own glasses. Such a stock vaudeville improbability elicited an involuntary chuckle from one of my friends. She got mad, but her grace prevailed. She asked who they thought were great writers.

"D. H. Lawrence," one ventured.

I quaked, sitting between the antagonists with divided loyalties. She began one of her favorite theories in order to disprove him—that "D. H. Lawrence was a queer, and that's why he died from T.B.—I know why people get T.B."

"Lady," one of my friends indig-

nantly interrupted, "lady, you're all wrong."

"You get out of here," she shouted at them, standing up and launching into one of her frequent tantrums. "You can't come in here with your god-damned intellectual claptrap and take up my time." She rushed them out the door and ordered me to pack and go with them. I gladly went to pack. But when I came out with my bag, she had cooled off and become friendly again. She had yelled for Jones (she didn't want my friends to go away without meeting him after all) and he was showing them around the colony grounds. "Where are you going?" she demanded of me when she saw my bags.

"You told me to leave."

She said she had changed her mind, to unpack. I said I didn't want to, I wanted to leave with my friends. She began denouncing me as a quitter in profanity too metaphorical for reproduction outside a novel. "I'm sorry," I begged, "I just don't understand this place and I want to leave."

"You *can't* leave," she yelled, recounting her investment in me and my commitment to the monastery. Her anger rose again, but this time she separated me from my friends. They had been engaged in the flustering conversation related earlier about sex and *Terre Haute*.

While I stood stunned, suitcase still in hand, she yelled at them, "What do you . . . mean taking up Jones' time? He's a busy man. His time means money." She then began speeding their exit from the colony by hurling bricks at them. They hurried away, but one was slow and a brick hit him on the shoulder. He turned around. "Lady," he implored, "I've got a sore foot, I can't run." She threw another. He cursed her and despite his sore foot, ran.

She ran to her car, spun the wheels on the gravel drive to turn it around and then accelerated in their direction. By this time Jones was also begging her to desist. But she drove through the gate, and half a block away they leaped out of the way just in time. She screeched to a stop, once more cooling.

"Get in here," she ordered. They did, and she said she was going to prove she could be nicer than they could, that she had just been testing them out. She also announced, predictably, that she was more of a man than any of them. She drove several miles outside Marshall and told them to get out; they did and she said they would walk back to town. They started walking. However, she had still another reversal, returned and told them to get back into the car. The

drove to Marshall again, where she searched the streets, finally finding the man she wanted—her father, the chief of police. “Take these . . . and throw them in jail till the bus to Chicago leaves, Dad.”

“Sure,” he complied, calling his daughter by name affectionately, thereby tending to prove, as she often brags, that “I run this town.” One of the boys reminded her that his father was a highly successful lawyer in New Jersey. “All right then,” she yielded, “take them to the bus station and guard them and put them on that bus.”

Her orders were obeyed, and they called from the station several times to speak to me. Finally I was allowed to talk to them. They said they’d buy me a ticket to Chicago and did I want to go back with them, and I said hell yes. No dice, she told me, and Jones said I shouldn’t let this upset me, to get back to work because if he could (being a great man) I certainly could.

A few days later another inmate, thinking my desire to leave had subsided, told me the apprentices had all had orders to watch me and stop me if I tried to escape, day or night.

I discovered by this incident, however, that there was another malcontent—*intra muribus*. We began, together, to plot our escape.

Two weeks later we saw our opportunity when a crowd gathered to request a chance at autographs, interviews or pictures from a movie star who was to arrive for a visit that evening. After having secretly packed what I could carry, I approached her, swinging the hammer I used at the rockpile. I asked her for about the tenth time in the two weeks if I could leave. This time, facing a public scene, she said yes. This was half an hour before bus time—we didn’t want to leave a chance for any reversals.

While I went to get my bags the other writer told her he was going to a V.A. hospital for the week-end to obtain medical attention for his back, about which he had scrupulously complained for a week.

Lowney became sweet with an after-all-I’ve-done-for-you and if-you-must-desert-me-I’ll-still-be-nice attitude. Jones shook hands with a reprimanding look of disappointment.

I was loose from the colony after a stay of somewhat more than month. Later Lowney told an interested inquirer that “I ran him off” after about a week.

In a journal I kept at the colony I had written: “It’s impossible to leave here openly, because once you tell her you want to leave she starts a tirade and in two minutes proves to you with sheer violence that one can’t

possibly become a writer any place in the world but here.”

Lowney’s forte is this ability to control people, and all of her devotees share a belief that she has the power of God. Her husband, a quiet, easy-going chap, tells her, “I wouldn’t bet against you that the sun would come up tomorrow.”

She is a firm believer in the theory of “Beyond Good and Evil,” and she frequently reminded us that, “There are those outside the law. And today there are some of us outside the social and man-made laws. A criminal is the next stage to an artist—and the artist becomes a criminal first.”

These beliefs have produced in her a tremendous tension, a high-pitched incessant reminding you of her freedom from guilt, despite her capacity to do things others wouldn’t dare.

JONES’ NOVEL has drawn diverse comments from critics. Some consider it a great work of permanent value, while others call it a literary potpourri, composed of sensationalism and too-obvious influences from other writers. It is true that certain passages in Jones’ book appear almost identical not only in style but in content to parts of novels which he “copied” on his typewriter for more than seven years.

A comparison of Prew’s violent, indignant and defensive denunciation of Hal and Tommy at the end of chapter 26 of *From Here to Eternity* bears a strong resemblance to Eugene’s denunciation of Starwick in the “Jason’s Voyage” section in *Of Time and The River* (page 778 in Scribner’s edition). The Jewish character, Bloom, is derived from Jones’ second-hand notion of Joyce’s character, Leopold Bloom, in *Ulysses*.

Chapter 42 reflects the exchange of memories and biographies in *The Naked and the Dead*, and the comments on the Wobblies are reminiscent of an important book in the Handy curriculum—John Dos Passos’ *U.S.A.*

After Prewitt is killed a list of books to read is found on his body, a sentimental touch reflecting Jones’ attempt to achieve the effect F. Scott Fitzgerald managed at the end of *The Great Gatsby* when Jay Gatsby’s list of boyhood projects is found after his death.

The plan-making of Warden and Karen toward the end of chapter 9 does not accidentally resemble the dialogue in chapter 31 of *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, nor is the similarity of Jones’ discussion of Choy’s (for example, page 131,) to the discussion of Gaylord’s in chapter 18 of the Hemingway novel without cause.

I had the privilege, while at the colony, of reading Jones’ copy of *For*

Whom the Bell Tolls. Such passages as the love scene in chapter 37 were marked with such notes as “Copy for Warden-Karen love scenes.” This copying resulted in passages like chapter 22 in *Eternity*, where the love scene is turned into a pseudo-biblical passage (page 325). There are many other parallels like these.

Lowney frequently reminded us that everything was grist for our mills—and a close study of the obvious influences in Jones’ book indicates that she included other people’s books.

The idea of copying was to copy as unconsciously as possible, to copy so much that you are hypnotized, the materials copied eventually coming to consciousness in new and disguised combinations. As Lowney writes: “It helps you to seal off the thinking intellect—the reasoning—cogitating part of your mind . . .” She advises her flock to “Get away from . . . introspection,” and describes final competence in regurgitating new blends of copied materials thus: “It is done as automatically as you can drive a car.”

The question of whether Lowney intends to foster a commercial attitude rather than one of artistic sincerity is best answered by her own manual on writing, prepared for the use of her colony boys. It is also the notebook from which she taught Jones to write. “Far better it is that you pick out the most salable type of novel, rather than the least salable type,” she writes in the notebook. “In fact, I only have time and space here to outline one novel, and I shall, of course, outline the most salable kind about which I have the best first-hand authentic information. You can write novels for 30 years without any other plot; just ring in variations of that one.”

In May, 1951, *Life* stated, describing Lowney’s busy life, “How in the world, she wondered, would she ever find time before fall to finish the new book she was writing?” As for the boys, they were “racing each other to publication.” Five years later her book hasn’t appeared, and her boys, other than Jones, have published one short story and no novels.

British sociologist Geoffrey Wagner has a few words to say about Lowney in his book, *Parade of Pleasure*. After analyzing with considerable insight such national phenomena as bosom-consciousness, Momism, anti-intellectualism and attempts to keep a low-brow monopoly on middlebrow culture, he describes Mrs. Handy as “a combination of so many of the tendencies mentioned above that it is hard to know where to begin.”

But what is an Englishman supposed to know of the American dream? ■

people

by Katharine Kuh



Still Life: Interior of a Room

In the Art Institute until the middle of September an exhibition called "People" will be found in the Gallery of Art Interpretation. Though no people appear in any of these works, each tells a "story" about people. Van Gogh's poignant *Bedroom at Arles* is as revealing as a self-portrait. One glance and we know of his loneliness and poverty. Very different is an unidentified 19th century American painting called *Still Life: Interior of a Room*. An attic is suggested where all manner of old and broken belongings reveal much about the active family living there. Still another interior entitled *The Commode* by

Walter Gay, a 19th century American artist who lived into our century, suggests a milieu of elegance and sophistication, entirely in contrast with the homely details of the other rooms portrayed.

The 20th century French artist, André Dunoyer de Segonzac, painted *Summer Garden*, where a charming beribboned hat and parasol evoke a gracious lady whose temporary absence lends piquancy to the scene. But we do not know the sex of the person who lives in a room protected by the shabby screened window painted by the contemporary American artist, Brian Connolly. This

trompe-l'oeil painting, named *Attraction*, gives us certain clues if only by the broken screen and worm holes around the window, by the dead bugs and dirt on the sill and the occasional cracking paint.

A 17th century *Still Life* by Peter Claesz indicates how well the upper bourgeois Dutchman lived. Far less materialistic in conception is Chardin's *White Tablecloth*, painted in France during the 18th century. Both pictures have to do with food and drink, but one senses that the French diners, in this case, were peasants and accordingly more frugal than the wealthier Dutch burghers.



The Commode by Walter Gay

Summer Garden by André Dunoyer de Segonzac





Still Life by Peter Claesz

White Tablecloth by Chardin





Attraction by Brian Connelly

Bedroom at Arles by Vincent Van Gogh



children who used to be classified as "beyond treatment" are finding their way back to mental health through the patient insight of Bruno Bettelheim and the devoted staff of a unique school



the man who ca

One day early in 1930, an American lady arrived in company of her seven-year-old daughter, in the city of Vienna. Since early infancy the daughter had been confused and backward, emotionally and mentally. She had been variously diagnosed as feeble-minded or schizoid (tending to the mental illness called schizophrenia). The recommendation had been that she be put in an institution.

The mother had found this diagnosis, made in New York and repeated in various European capitals, intolerable. As she was wealthy, she transported her child desperately from one specialist to another until in Switzerland the celebrated child psychologist Jean Piaget told her that, while he himself could do nothing, perhaps Sigmund Freud might.

Professor Freud had to tell the mother that he did not work with children, but referred her to his daughter Anna, who with a few other Viennese—mostly young laymen—was making a start in applying psychoanalysis to the emotional riddles of childhood.

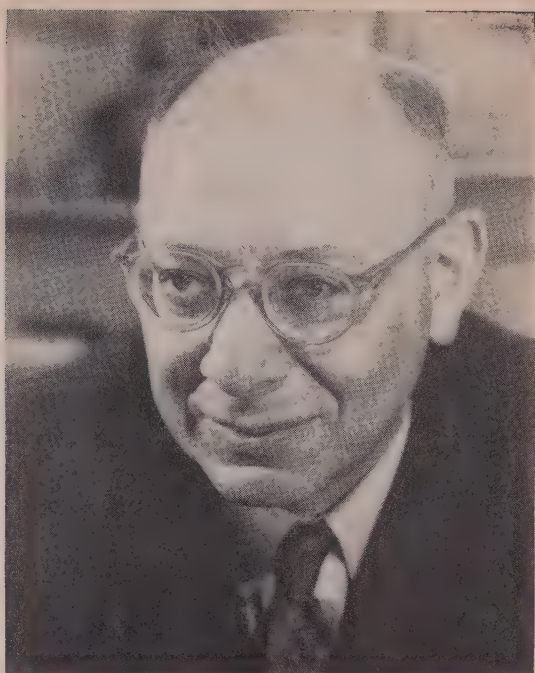
Among the young people in Miss Freud's circle some had worked with

August Aichhorn, a pioneer in the treatment of delinquent children, in whose work psychoanalysts found much confirmation of their theories of behavior. Stimulated by his success, one couple became interested in the little girl, who, while she rarely spoke, liked to make drawings. As a student of art, the husband thought that these drawings showed a talent which was hard to reconcile with feeble-mindedness. Whether the child might be hopelessly psychotic was another matter. Would it be possible to help such a child if the right persons were to devote themselves totally, day and night—if need be, for a year or two—to the task? The couple decided to take the girl into their home, and make the experiment.

IT LASTED EIGHT YEARS, and might have gone on longer, had Hitler not marched into Vienna and sent the husband, whose name was Bruno Bettelheim, to a concentration camp. The girl—now an adolescent—went back home: well enough to launch a career as a painter, during the course of which she has had several one-man shows in New York. Her case

has become a notable one in child psychiatry. It was a not-uncommon instance of apparent "feeble-mindedness" that in reality masked desperate psychic conflicts which were driving the child toward a mental point of no return. And it was also an almost unique instance of such a conflict being resolved by the application of Freudian and other insights—plus a total devotion to the task of therapy—by gifted and tenacious psychologists who have since developed many healing insights of their own.

For the last twelve years Dr. Bettelheim (a psychologist, not a psychiatrist) has been head of the Sonia Shankman Orthogenic school of the University of Chicago—the awkward label of one of the most encouraging institutions in existence. There, variations of his original experiment have been repeated, sometimes with exhilarating success, on dozens of children who had been sadly given up as "feeble-minded," "schizoid" or "delinquent." The staff of the school have found it possible to combine treatment with research into the deep motives of child behavior, and have succeeded in "rehabilitating" both juvenile de-



Bruno Bettelheim: "I have a very strong bias against being pushed around myself, and I think that I have successfully extended it into a bias against others being pushed around."

es so much

by Norman Calhoun

linquents and many children who would otherwise languish in state institutions.

Not long ago "Dr. B.," as he is called by his associates, went through the Illinois state institution at Dixon: "In a casual inspection," he said recently, "it was my conviction that of 20 or 25 'feeble-minded' children I saw in one particular cottage, at least a third, and maybe up to one-half, were not feeble-minded, but 'autistic' children, and that a large percentage of them can be rehabilitated."

Psychiatrists use the term "autistic" to describe a child who has withdrawn into himself, and leads a life of phantasy, so escaping from a real world which has proven too cruel and frightening. In an extreme case, such a child may refuse to learn to talk, and make only animal noises or none at all; he may be unable to take care of himself in such elementary ways as eating or dressing. Then it becomes difficult to tell whether the child is not really subnormal in intelligence, although an autistic child can actually be exceptionally bright. Finally, such a child, untreated, is likely to sink deeper into phantasy, ending up in a mental hos-

pital or a jail. The American girl that the Bettelheims treated in Vienna was an "autist," and the work of the orthogenic school has taken on additional interest and excitement in recent weeks because its director has been given the opportunity to test his conviction that many other extreme examples of "autistic" withdrawal can be cured. The Ford Foundation has given the school a grant of \$342,500 for the next five years, to do research through the treatment of three children a year.

"If we succeed in developing a human personality in these children," explains Dr. Bettelheim, "we will not only have demonstrated that a large number of children presently put away for a lifetime can become useful members of society. We will also, so we hope, have found useful information on how personality develops, where previously there was little."

AFTER THE NAZI annexation of Austria, Dr. Bettelheim was sent first to the concentration camp at Dachau and then to Buchenwald. He was released after a year for no specific reason ("At this time, although about

a third of the prisoners died every year under the terror, the extermination policy had not yet been adopted. Without any rhyme or reason in particular cases, a number of prisoners were released shortly before the Second World War began, to free the Gestapo for war duty"). In 1939, Dr. Bettelheim came to the United States, and attracted the attention of such diverse individuals as Dwight Eisenhower and James T. Farrell by a book entitled, with formidable restraint: *Individual and Mass Behavior in Extreme Situations*. This was a tense but formally objective report—one of the first by a survivor—of what it meant to live in a concentration camp. General Eisenhower eventually made it required reading for all officials of the U.S. Military Government in Europe.

Before this had happened, Bettelheim had been naturalized as an American citizen and after a few years of research in the field of art education, he became a professor of psychology—first at Rockford college and then at the University of Chicago. Now the father of three children, he had no thought of ever again getting involved in such a commitment as he



Free Press photos

This boy is unhappy about life, and he covers up his feelings by being angry at the world. He was playing with the boys, but something suddenly reminded him of the past, and he feels lost and rejected again. He withdraws from the group, and the world as well. He expects that the counselor will try to be nice to him, but it doesn't help much. At home, everybody stopped everything when he had a tantrum. Now he sees that others are not influenced by his anger; they just go on playing. So it is not effective as a weapon any more. When another boy spontaneously joins the counselor in telling him that they like him, the world begins to look better again.

had made in the thirties: "The demands made on our home were so tremendous that I decided never to repeat the experiment. The emotional burden is just much too much for one individual to carry through 24 hours a day, 365 days a year. The interference with the life of the family is just too great. It takes an institution."

As it happened, the institution was about to be placed at his disposal. Older than the University of Chicago, the Sonia Shankman orthogenic school had at various times sustained a research interest in genes, then in the brain and nervous system. But by the forties state hospitals and big medical colleges had moved into these fields, making small-scale research superfluous. Meanwhile the research and theories of the Freuds and Piaget, and experiments such as Aichhorn's and Bettelheim's own with the girl from New York, had focused attention on the notion that many "personality disorders" of children were being too

quickly dismissed as untreatable. The school was reorganized as a treatment center for children who were believed to be physically sound and of normal intelligence, but emotionally too disturbed to be treated elsewhere. "Dr. B" has been its principal since 1944.

IN ADDITION TO BEING a disciple of Freud and Piaget, Bettelheim is an admirer of John Dewey, whose point of view has fundamentally affected the whole approach of the school toward its children.

"I have a very strong bias against being pushed around," said Dr. Bettelheim on one occasion, "and I think I have successfully extended it into a bias against others being pushed around. Now, I feel that much of what is passed on presently as education or even therapy is really pushing people around through superior knowledge, or an assumption of knowledge, about what is right or wrong. I learned from Dewey that the only way people

will learn to do the right thing is if they are given a chance to find out by themselves what is right and wrong for them."

It takes enormous stamina to remain true to this position while dealing with emotionally disturbed children. At the school, however, this philosophy is lived out not only by the principal, but by the whole staff, from maids to counselors.

The school is located on the south side of the Midway, just east of the I.C. tracks, in red-brick buildings which were originally a Universalist church, seminary and minister's residence. Wings have been added for new dormitory space, and the buildings today accommodate 40 children and about 15 staff members.

"Permissiveness" is now an accepted concept in the raising of children, but at this school, whose pupils are the most unmanageable, it is pushed to the most extreme degree consistent with security. Only a minimum control over noise and movement are sought. No child does housework or has any chores whatever—not even making his bed or tidying his dormitory space. The locks are so arranged that no doors lock from inside. Physical punishment is absolutely forbidden. (On the one occasion when a promising student counselor gave a token spanking to a boy named Harry after extreme provocation, "Dr. B." promptly dismissed him.)

Staff members may enter dormitories only with the children's permission—except for their personal counselors, of whom each child has one. In the experience of the school, it is the way in which the child builds up a relationship with his counselor (often a graduate student in psychology or sociology who has volunteered for work at the school and survived a year's trial and training) that is the key to finding the road back to normal feeling about himself, other children, and, eventually, people in general.

BEHIND THE PHILOSOPHY of permissiveness there is, of course, a basic optimism about human nature which most of us pay only lip-service to. But permissiveness has a more immediate rationale: The school believes that much of the disturbance from which children suffer comes from irrational discipline, and irrational punishment (often alternating with neglect) to which they have been subjected, usually from relatives who were themselves disturbed and hostile. Permissiveness lets children regress to infant behavior for a purpose: so they can have the happy experiences they missed in their real infancies, and which are essential to growth.

Dr. B. and his staff have proved willing to invest years in proving to seven-, eight-, and nine-year-old boys and girls, that no amount of dish-, and window-smashing, truancy, lying, theft, arson and attempted homicide can change the school's attitude from that of sympathy, understanding and patience. They are frank to admit that experience has taught them that more, rather than fewer years, are needed for even their kind of total therapy to be really helpful. In the case of such children as Harry, they can point to extreme examples of the strain to which their system, their principles, and their nerves were put, over a period of years—and to heartening rewards in the end.

WHEN HE FIRST CAME to the school, Harry was, in appearance, a healthy, normally intelligent, somewhat tense and over-neat boy. During the previous two or three years, he had at various times tried to set his sister's hair on fire, attacked his mother with a butcher-knife, killed a female cat which was just about to litter, and been arrested various times for stealing. The chief characteristic that got Harry into trouble, however, was his proficiency as a truant.

He began running away from home before he was four, never for any specific reason. He'd disappear unpredictably, by day or in the middle of the night. (As a preparation for running away, Harry normally went to sleep with all his clothes on.) Sometimes he'd come back by himself, sometimes he'd curl up in a garage and go to sleep first; usually the police brought him back, at two or three a.m., or a day or two after he had disappeared. They would report that he had been picked up riding in a street-car or roaming the street, cadging money in saloons or pilfering valuables from parked cars. Harry particularly liked to take risks by crossing streets against the traffic light, or crossing and re-crossing the third rail of the El tracks.

As a resident of the school, Harry set new records in stubbornness. Other children ran away from time to time, but this boy was unusually skillful at disconcerting staff members by sudden acts of violence and then disappearing—not by the front or back door, either, but via fire escapes and roof-tops, in and out of the windows of private homes, against—and in one or two spectacular instances—under traffic. Attempts by his female counselor to follow him proved futile or, if she caught up with him, not too hopeful—the permissive attitude taught by the school was interpreted by the little boy at this stage of his career as added

license to beg and steal, lift up women's skirts in streetcars and break store windows.

When the staff undertook to analyze his behavior, they came to sense the panic that lay at the bottom of it—a panic caused by the fact that Harry had been completely bewildered and frustrated by his parents. Harry's mother, whose own father had been an alcoholic, married another one—Harry's father. She had a peculiar attitude toward her son: she used to tell visitors about his wild behavior as though scandalized; but Harry got the feeling that she was secretly pleased and excited, too. He was the "bad" child, in contrast to his two "good" sisters; but his mother also said he was exceptionally brave and "the smartest boy in the block."

When he ran away, Harry was showing how daring he could be—but running away made him feel lonely and frightened, too, and sometimes he went hungry or was beaten by older boys or men. When he crept back

home, or was brought back by the police, after a disastrous odyssey of this sort, he might equally well be praised by his father, or beaten by him—neither parent was at all likely to comfort him or try to understand his fright.

Life got particularly hard when Harry was four: his mother had a baby girl, to whom she gave all her tenderness. Harry turned toward his father; but the latter took to coming home drunker than ever. Sometimes he beat Harry, sometimes attacked his wife in Harry's presence.

The boy did two things: as much as possible, he began to get away from people; insofar as he had contact with them, he acted as much as he could like his father. But to behave like an alcoholic bully is terrifying to a little boy, and Harry fell into a habit of panicky violence.

During his first year at the school, Harry's distrust of adults—particularly when they reminded him of his parents—kept him at constant war with

In the schoolroom, top, or the craft shop, doing things is one of the best ways to counteract the feeling of worthlessness from which most of the children suffer.

Free Press photos



them. On slight pretext, or none, he broke chairs, beds, tables, flooded the bathroom, smashed windows wholesale. As an heroic alternative to physical restraint, "Dr. B." had all the furniture in Harry's dormitory bolted to the walls or floor! After he discovered this and realized it was done instead of punishment, Harry was surprised, infuriated, impressed—and began to think things over.

Like his schoolmates, Harry learned that he could eat as much as he liked, and whenever he liked—even in the middle of the night. He was given pocket money for candy making steal-

It took months before Harry began to trust some of the staff enough so that he was willing to consider not running away. Even then, his reform involved an anxious transition period during which, he was told, if he returned before midnight—even as a result of being picked up by the police for stealing or begging in taverns—he would be protected by the school authorities. But if he was picked up after midnight, the school wouldn't be able to do anything for him until the next day.

Harry tested this out a couple of times, and ended up the first time by

ry's stay at the school, and presumably in his life. He had a stuffed dog that formerly he had used to beat, and to throw at people. Now he tied it to his bedpost, "so that it wouldn't run away." Thereafter he himself ran away more rarely, and increasingly for specific, if unreasonable, causes, rather than out of blind panic.

When winter came, Harry built a snowman, named it for himself, and told it: "You're a bad boy, running away all the time, I'm going to sock you and hit you." He did, with gusto. Afterwards his trauancies ceased for good.

As Bettelheim relates in a recent book about the school, *Truants from Life*, Harry went on to overcome his hostility to people as he had his panicky trauancies. Eventually he developed enough strength to survive a prolonged ordeal during which his parents fought a court battle for his custody—and as the upshot of which, he went to live with his mother only to have her lose interest in him and send him to live with his ailing father. The school could not change Harry's world, but it changed him enough to measure up to it.



University of Chicago photo

"Dr. B." a rather gnomelike figure with a Viennese accent, has a formidable reputation for plain speaking. In a roundtable discussion with mothers of normal children, he asked: "Did I ever say that I'm always going to be fair to the parent? I also have to be fair to the child."

ing superfluous. He had complete freedom to leave whenever he wished to do so. In the midst of learning about all these rights, one evening during his first month, Harry suddenly picked up a knife from a kitchen table and hurled it at his counselor's head. It was a near miss. He was astonished when, although she held his hand so that he could not run away, she protected him from the wrath of the other boys and put the blame for his act on her own "carelessness" in leaving the knife on the table.

One of the things the staff observed was that Harry's trauancies were not happy events for him, but frantic and exhausting. He ran away because he was afraid of what might happen to him, and also because he was afraid of his own angry impulses to hurt other people. He came back only when he knew he was too worn out to hurt himself or anyone else, and likely to sleep without a nightmare.

staying at the juvenile detention home overnight. The second time, he stayed two days. Again he disappeared, and remained out until four a.m.; this time, his counselor and "Dr. B.," who had hoped he had given up his midnight trauancies, stayed up together, waiting for him. When he arrived at the door of the school, shortly before dawn—but let Dr. Bettelheim tell it:

"I gave him a good talking to, which obviously conveyed to him how worried we had been about his well-being, how concerned we had been about what to do if he had been picked up by the police, how upset we had been while waiting for him (this was said in not a few words) and how relieved we were to have him back hale, if not hearty. When I was through, he straightened himself up and the worried expression left his face, to be replaced by a happy smile. He said: 'I never knew you cared so much.'"

This was the turning point of Har-

AMONG THE PUPILS TODAY in the charge of "Dr. B." and his staff of counselors is a seven-year-old girl who hides in corners when strangers enter the room, and pulls strands of hair out of her now partly-bald head. She has never talked, and this is the only way she can reveal her distress. In the same room with her is another little girl of seven or eight whose habit is just the opposite: she hardly stops talking and giggling at any time during her waking day.

But this same dormitory also has girls in their early teens, who have been at the school as much as eight or ten years. Alert, responsive and gay, they look forward, as they should, to their "graduation" from the school but are emphatic about what it has done for them. These girls, if they differ from others their age, do so partly in their deeper awareness of human problems—and perhaps also of human possibilities.

Their testimony, and stories like Harry's, make it easy to believe that the Ford Foundation grant will enable the orthogenic school to prove that even more desperately damaged children than they can be helped. This will be a momentous event for many thousands of children now getting custodial care in large institutions. It will also, Dr. Bettelheim is convinced, contribute to our knowledge of how beings become human, in ways which can be used to raise happier children in normal families, too. ■

rebels or saplings

The relevance of Dr. Bettelheim's work with disturbed children may not be immediately plain to the average parent. But over the years it has been made piquantly clear to a group of young mothers at the University of Chicago. Out of his lectures in the department of education, grew a series of 90-minute meetings, every two weeks, at which general problems of child-raising gradually gave place, as the group grew intimate, to personal ones. Wire-recordings were made of some of these sessions. These catch the flavor of Dr. Bettelheim's relentlessly logical defense of children—and also of the sardonic wit with which he takes after parents who tried to make their offspring over in their images. The following dialogue is excerpted from a report originally published in the University of Chicago Magazine.

Mother: I wonder if a child of three should be encouraged in her femininity. Just lately my three-year old girl has become very aware of the word "pretty." Neighbors tell her she looks "pretty" in dresses, and now she prefers them to overalls.

Dr. B.: Well, what kind of a child do you want?

Mother: I don't want a child who's aware of clothes like some children I know who throw tantrums if the hair-ribbons don't match the dress.

Dr. B.: A three-year-old throws tantrums from time to time and sometimes ribbons are just a convenient excuse.

Mother: Yes, but sometimes not. Sometimes they just get too clothes-conscious.

Dr. B.: That's right, but let's not jump to conclusions. When a three-year-old throws tantrums because her hair-ribbon doesn't match, or because you don't give her any, the tantrum may be due only in small degree to that. It may be the consequence of a child's attempts to be independent, to get her own way. Clothes are a relatively innocuous issue.

Mother: I've discouraged her wearing dresses because I think she's more comfortable in overalls. On the other hand I don't want to stymie her independence of choice. But then I don't want her to become aware of the concept "pretty."

Dr. B.: But the neighbors have already done that.

Mother: Well, I can stymie it.

Dr. B.: How can you? If she wants to look pretty what can you do?

Mother: I can tell her, "You look pretty in overalls."

Dr. B.: Does she really?

Mother: No. (General comments and gasps.)

2nd mother: What's wrong with a child wanting to look pretty?

Mother: It's a whole feeling I have that a child shouldn't be aware of things like that.

Dr. B.: What should a child be aware of?

Mother: Oh . . . in what sense?

Dr. B.: I don't know. But since you claim to know what a child should not be aware of, you must have some notions about what she should be aware of. Every negative has a positive. You say she shouldn't be aware of clothes. All right. That's an argument I might or might not accept, depending on what you think the child should be aware of.

Mother: I think that's going astray. All I asked you is whether to give her independence of choice, or stymie her clothes-consciousness.

Dr. B.: Never stymie anything! That's simple. If you give me a simple question you will get a simple answer—only it won't help you because you already have such definite opinions on the matter.

Mother: But it does make a difference, otherwise I wouldn't ask.

Dr. B.: Yes, but the bigger issue is—what do you think are important issues for a little girl of three?

Mother: What do you mean by issues?

Dr. B.: Well, wearing a dress, versus overalls, is an issue to your child. You say you don't want it to be an issue for her—so what do you want to be an issue?

Mother: (pause) I want her to be able to choose what things she would like to play with at any specific time.

Dr. B.: Toys, yes, clothes, no? I'm afraid that doesn't make sense.

Mother: Sure it makes sense.

Dr. B.: Why? Maybe because you have a certain picture of your child as a grown-up person, of what kind of person you want her to be—that's why toys should be, and clothes shouldn't be, important to her. But you haven't come out and told me that, so I'm stuck. I get the impression there is a kind of anxiety: "I don't want my child to grow up to be a clothes horse," and so on.

Mother: Well, I'm afraid she will become like her cousins.

Dr. B.: Do the cousins have the same mothers?

Mother: No.

Dr. B.: So, since your child has you for a mother, why do you worry about her becoming like her cousins?

Mother: They're all—I hate to use the word—middle-class bourgeois. That's what it is.

Dr. B.: What's wrong with the middle class? What do you want her to be?

Mother: (explosively) A rebel! (Startled reaction from the mothers.)

Dr. B.: Now you've stated what you want your child to be! Up to now I had to go around in circles.

3rd mother: How do you know she won't rebel against your particular set of values?

Mother: I hope they're sound enough.

Dr. B.: What do you mean, sound enough? Against what do you rebel?

Mother: Against the unfairness of the society we live in, to a large extent.

Dr. B.: It's been treating you quite fairly, otherwise you wouldn't be here.

Mother: I've been fighting all my life, helping make it better.

Dr. B.: How? By wearing overalls?

4th mother: I'd say one thing. When a child becomes aware of the outside world, its personal belongings become much more important to him—his shoes, socks, overalls and so forth. I can't see what's wrong with that, taking pride in what belongs to him.

Dr. B.: What worries me much more is a tendency, I'm sorry to say it crudely, to have a three-year-old fight battles with society. That doesn't seem fair.

Mother: You're not being fair, Dr. Bettelheim!

Dr. B.: Did I ever say that I'm always going to be fair to the parent? I also have to be fair to the child.

Mother: It's just that I want her to grow . . .

Dr. B.: . . . into a rebel! On the one hand you select a middle-class neighborhood to live in, you expose your child to the influence of those pernicious middle-class neighbors. On the other hand, you want her to fight these values. That seems very hard on the child. You can want your child to become a rebel. That is a perfectly legitimate desire in terms of your own needs and values. Only what you are doing with your child seems quite conducive to making a clothes-horse out of her, as a healthy reaction on her part to your desire to make her a rebel. Children don't like to be forced into a pattern, remember? You talked about the tree and the sapling. But aren't you trying to prune the

tree to fit your ideas of a garden?

Mother: No, I'm not!

Dr. B.: Yes, you are! It wasn't the child's free will to live here. You and your husband haven't given up the advantages of going to this University to protect your child from the influence of middle-class neighbors. I'm afraid she is torn between her and your desires and I think that's a very important problem. I don't blame you for not having seen it before. My main task is to make you see the quandaries into which you throw your child. She

is still a very inadequately developed individual, still very much subject to your influence. She has a natural desire to be considered good-looking. Certainly her mother's opinion will be more important than the neighbors', but only to a point. If other children are prettily dressed, then you will appear to her not as somebody who is fighting middle-class values—of which she knows nothing at all—but as a mother who prevents her from enjoying life, receiving approval and the love of those around her.

for Sienese birds

When I fed the pigeons in the wheel of the square
I laughed with a saint of birds.

They sat on my hands, on one another,
Four and five at a time, on two hands,
While others dangled like the very Holy Bird
With heavenly skill, just overhead.
It was a power of wings all over
And fevered birds standing on birds
Till I bore a great weight in feathers
Tiers of the warm, plump speckled ones
And those quarreling cocks not hesitating
To tread some oblivious hen while eating.
It was a delirious warmth and bird joy
There on my sleeves and hands,
All this agitation of wings
And the wild softness of untamed things

But when I would feed them the next day
Twenty-one birds in a row
Of row upon row walking to and fro
Turning and wheeling with dancing necks
Sipping water from pavement cracks
Would not make a storm,
Already great on corn.

There in the wheel of the square
With its eight stone spokes in the curved brick shell
Where the watch tower rises above
On its shaft to its corbels and coats of arms,
They unloosed themselves into air,
With a rush like the breaking of strings
And arrows whistling and creaking
They got to great dazzle, swinging round and round
And around and around in a ring.

And, disappointed though I had been,
My joy was a greater thing.

For such creatures who cannot be ordered,
It is of delirium we sing.
Creating the current on which they go forward,
On the vortex themselves have made.

—Jean Garrigue

If you deprive her of this she may develop symptoms in reaction to it. The child who was extremely deprived (or thought she was) of clothes may later become a clothes horse. That is exactly what you want to avoid. Even given your desire to have a child who grows into somebody who reforms society, don't you think you're better off if she thinks of herself as good-looking, intelligent, well educated and dressed, and yet is still not satisfied with this world because of its inequities, as against a child who says to herself: "Nobody thinks I'm good-looking. The whole world is against me. So what else can I do but fight it?" And anyway, why don't you enjoy her looking prettier in a dress?

5th mother: My child at one year wanted to wear dresses. When she wakes from her nap now, at a year and a half, she wants to wear a dress. It's a lot more work for me, but I enjoy seeing her look cute.

6th mother: I think sometimes there's a tendency to magnify the child's feelings in terms of the adult's feelings. I mean it's the way you feel about (or against) that counts. You feel the child is also feeling the way you do, whereas it might be just part of a normal development.

Dr. B.: What I am afraid of is that your child might resent it later if you try to form her into something you want, and you don't let her grow like the tree. You see, I beat you with your own example. Give the tree water, good soil and sunshine, and a little wind now and then, and hope for the best. Your distrust of the child is what worries me, your feeling that you have to form her or otherwise she won't come out all right. (*Turning to another mother.*) Why do you shake your head?

7th mother: My mother did that to me. "I have to form you or else."

6th mother: My mother brought me up thinking that clothes are not important, and they are—not the be-all and end-all of existence—but up to a point. I resented the fact she taught me wrongly.

Dr. B.: Of course clothes are important. Well, have we answered your question? Now you see why I couldn't answer a simple "yes," or "no."

Mother: I'm glad I asked about this clothes business. I'm really shocked to see that I did to my child what my mother did to me, what I hated so much. She tried to force me to be, as she wanted me to be, and that's why I want my daughter to be a rebel. Now I see that actually I've been doing the same thing to her. Tomorrow she can wear dresses and I'll let her grow like a sapling. At least, I'll try. ■

As we were

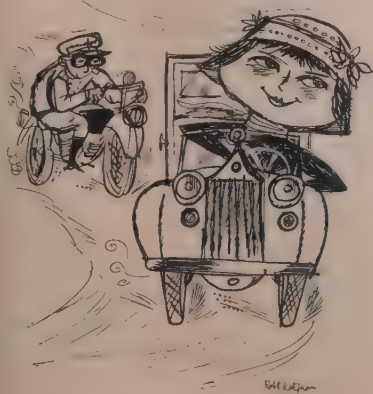


75 YEARS AGO. Help wanted ads for maids in the newspapers in September, 1881, often stated a preference for German or Scandinavian girls, and occasionally specified "No Irish" . . . A vagrant from New York went berserk and shot five people while running down Clark street from Van Buren to Polk . . . Railroad interests bought an 8,000-acre tract in Indiana and began building the city of East Chicago . . . A former pugilist named Ben Hogan conducted revival meetings in Farwell hall, near La Salle and Madison . . . Elizabeth Falvy sued simultaneously for divorces from two men she had married in Massachusetts in 1868 and 1874. She said the second spouse had won her hand after falsely telling her that the first one was dead.

50 YEARS AGO. In September, 1906, Vice-President Charles W. Fairbanks laid the cornerstone for the present County building. While in town for the ceremonies, he stayed with his son, Warren, who lived on Astor street . . . Paul O. Stensland, president of the Milwaukee Avenue State bank, who had fled after looting the firm of \$1,000,000, was captured in Tangier, Morocco, returned here, tried in three hours and sent to prison the same day . . . Kate O'Brien, matriarch of a family of criminals, spent a night in jail after she was found sleeping in a doghouse in the Levee district. . . . *The Stolen Story*, a newspaper play, was performed at the Studebaker, and John Philip Sousa's comic opera, *The Free Lance*, was presented at the Illinois.



25 YEARS AGO. State Auditor Oscar Nelson was indicted for malfeasance in September, 1931, in connection with the closing of the Waukegan State bank . . . Beatrice Kirk, daughter of a soap manufacturer, was arrested three times in 20 minutes for speeding in Libertyville . . . Workmen began wrecking the Home Insurance building, the world's first steel skeleton skyscraper, to make way for construction of the Field building . . . Walter E. Wolf, a \$75-a-week clerk at the Continental Illinois, the nation's fourth largest bank, confessed embezzling more than \$3,600,000 for stock market speculation over a period of ten years . . . Clarence Darrow helped prepare the appeal of the "Scottsboro Boys," eight young Negroes sentenced to death for rape in Alabama.



Chicago Favorite!!



BANDSTAND MATINEE

with

Jim Lounsbury

4:00-5:30 P.M.

Monday thru Friday

**Or Immediately Following
The Cubs and Sox Games**

- ★ SONGS
- ★ MUSIC
- ★ DANCING
- ★ GUEST STARS

WGN-TV
CHANNEL 9



fortunes in futures

by Arnold J. Ku

Largest produce market in the world, the Chicago Mercantile Exchange offers speculators faster action than the stock exchanges or the Board of Trade. It also enables egg and onion dealers to insure their operations against unforeseen price fluctuations.



Left to right: When the action gets fast, so do the gestures of traders in the pits. Brokers take purchase and sale orders over on more phones and relay them to the trading floor. An overall view of the exchange while the market is open.

About two years ago a youthful Princeton graduate with several years of business experience and with some funds gained through inheritance and savings decided to buy a small plastics manufacturing company.

After investigating the prices of some 200 firms, however, he decided that the values were over-inflated, and he would wait for a decline in economic conditions before buying his company. In the meantime, he would invest his money in the stock market and gain a return that way.

One year later his studies of markets led him to the conclusion that he could get a better play and faster ac-

tion for his money on the commodity market, especially by trading in egg and onion futures. Since the center of such trading is the Chicago Mercantile Exchange, he came west from New York to seek his increased fortune, and has been an enthusiastic member of the exchange ever since.

He has found that trading in commodity futures involves many of the complexities of dealing on the stock market, plus at least one additional complicating factor. You can buy a share of stock, place it in your safe deposit box, and forget it if you like. Buy a carload of eggs on the futures market at the Mercantile Exchange,

however, and forget about your purchase for a few months, and one day you'll find a notice in your mail box informing you that your carload of eggs has arrived in the yards and where shall we send it, please.

Actually, most of the eggs sold to Chicago dealers are not handled on the Mercantile Exchange but through direct transactions by shippers. Each morning for about a half hour there is a "spot call" on the floor of the exchange when "cash eggs" are sold for delivery that day, but these represent only a small portion of the day's sales and are for the purpose of establishing the price, which goes out over the

ticker, at which eggs will be sold throughout the country that day.

Beyond the important function of providing a central place at which the market price is set each day by competitive bidding, the Mercantile Exchange serves a vital purpose through the futures markets. A futures contract is a contract for the purchase or sale of a commodity at a specified price in a specified month. These contracts enable farmers to protect themselves against declines in the prices of their crops during the period of growing. Egg merchandisers get similar protection while their supplies are in storage. And speculators find it possible to trade with a far smaller amount of capital than daily dealing on the stock exchange would require, and to make—or lose—money much faster.

This opportunity for especially lively speculation is what attracted the Princeton man, 31-year-old Richard Nash. A quiet speaking fellow with a sincere, winning manner, Nash spends a good deal of his time reading books, financial journals and investment service letters as background for his trad-

made \$80,000 on a \$40,000 investment in one of the commodity markets in New York.

Each day when trading ends at the exchange, Nash doffs the tan linen jacket he wears over a sport shirt on the floor and runs the mile and a half distance to the apartment where he lives alone on north Dearborn. This jog, along with tennis, weight lifting, several minutes' rest on a couch at the exchange every hour and a nap after lunch each afternoon is intended to counteract any adverse effects of the tension of trading in the pits. Nash is also working on a book which will express his personal philosophy in various areas of life.

Nash is by no means typical of Mercantile Exchange speculators. Closer to the norm is Sydney Maduff, who, instead of relying on large capital to produce an eventual big killing, makes quick, careful deals from day to day as a means of accumulating a substantial, but not lavish, income.

His day at the exchange will often go something like this:

Shortly after the market opens at 9:20 a.m., he sells two carlots of egg futures at 39.95 cents per dozen in the belief that the price will drop later in the morning. He is right, and the price drops in the next half-hour to 39.70. He can buy back his two carlots and make a profit of \$75, but he holds on for a further drop which never comes. When the market rises to 40.10, he is a smart speculator and buys the two carlot futures back and accepts a small loss rather than risk a large one by further waiting.

He continues to buy and sell egg futures until the market closes at 1 p.m. He estimates he has made about \$400 for the day. Other speculators less shrewd or less fortunate have lost the \$400. But then the tables will be reversed another day.

Maduff, a well-dressed suburbanite, also moved here recently specifically to play the Mercantile Exchange. Trading in egg futures, he decided, was a means of combining his college training in economic forecasting with the experience he subsequently acquired in the egg business.

Immediately after graduating from the University of Iowa in 1939, Maduff took a trip east. While there he observed an egg auction at Doylestown, Pennsylvania, where farmers sold their eggs for 23 cents per dozen. On his way home, he pondered the fact that his father was buying eggs from Iowa farmers for 11 cents a dozen and selling them at the same price as an accommodation for customers of his food store. Why not ship these eggs to Doylestown and other areas where there was less egg production

than in Iowa and reap a profit from the difference in market prices? This reasoning hatched a business which later included an egg drying plant employing 165 workers.

Forced to go to California for his health in 1945, Maduff entered an entirely new field and operated an electrical manufacturing concern for the next few years. In 1953, he decided he could do better by returning to more familiar grounds, and he became an egg futures trader on the exchange here.

He enjoys his activities on the floor, and doesn't regard what appears to be hectic physical activity at times as strenuous at all. He regards himself as a "relaxed trader" because he knows at what point he will get out of the market if losses develop. Unlike some other traders, he says, he will readily accept a small loss rather than hold on in the hope of a later change in the market, thereby risking large losses. He never keeps futures on which he is showing a loss near the end of the trading day. He disposes of the holdings by closing time and thus avoids worry over the next day's prices.

Futures trading in eggs developed, however, not out of the desire of speculators for quick profit, but gradually over a period of years to meet the marketing needs of the economy. During a large part of the nineteenth century, the egg market consisted simply of sales by the farm housewife of surplus eggs from her small flock of hens for "egg money." With an increased town and city population, enterprising shippers began to buy up eggs and ship them to markets. Chicago early became an important egg market both because of its location in the surplus egg-producing Middle West and because of its status as a railroad center.

In 1874, the Chicago Produce Exchange was established at Clark and



Photographs by Dan Bronstein

ing, and he has prepared a series of charts showing past and estimated future trends of commodity prices.

In about eight months of trading in eggs and onions, Nash has sustained moderate losses but is undisturbed. "Trading in futures is something like fishing," he says. "The fish may keep taking the minnows off your hook, but have patience and keep putting on bait and eventually you'll get the big one." The "big one" Nash hopes to get later in the year is a return of at least 100 per cent on his investment, and perhaps more. As an example of what is possible, he mentions a friend who early this year

Lake with a membership of 300 produce dealers and a few oleomargarine manufacturers, as a central location for sale and purchase of various commodities. Even then, however, butter and margarine did not mix successfully, and in 1898 the butter and egg dealers split with the oleomargarine faction in a quarrel over whether the exchange should lobby in Springfield to obtain legislation controlling the sale of margarine. The result was the formation of the Chicago Butter and Egg board.

Meanwhile experiments were being made in the art of preserving eggs for

into "time contracts" for purchases and sales of eggs at specified prices in specified months to reduce the risk for shippers in carrying inventory and to assure dealers of adequate future supplies. By the time of World War I, these contracts were being traded from broker to broker for speculative purposes, rather than egg business purposes.

In the unsettled period immediately after the war, there were wide price fluctuations in the egg market. This led to the replacement of the butter and egg board with the Chicago Mercantile Exchange, organized in 1919

tember futures, guaranteeing himself a final profit of one cent per dozen.

When September comes, the price of eggs and of September futures will be the same. Theoretically, the dealer can deliver his stored eggs through the exchange and get his 43 cents a dozen. But since he has regular customers, he will sell the eggs to them at the prevailing price. Simultaneously, he will buy ten carlots of September futures to cancel out the futures sale he made in March.

If the price in September is 40 cents a dozen, the dealer will lose two cents a dozen on his stored eggs, but he will buy futures for three cents less than his original selling price, so that the total effect will be a profit of one cent a dozen.

If the price is 45 cents a dozen, the dealer will make a three cent profit on the stored eggs and take a two cent loss on the futures transaction, still giving him a net gain of one cent per dozen.

By making concurrent transactions in eggs and in egg futures, the dealer has insured his modest profit, regardless of the fluctuations of the market. Meanwhile, some speculators have made money and some have lost, depending on how well they predicted what would happen to the market.

Similarly, a farmer at the time of planting a crop of onions may sell his expected harvest on the futures market at the exchange. If he estimates his costs at \$1 per bag and futures for the month of the expected harvest are selling at \$2, the grower, through hedging, can assure himself a profit of \$1 per bag for the crop he brings to the market. Again, it is the speculators who assume the risk of price fluctuations in the hope of making a profit.

The core group in speculative, rather than hedging, positions on the Mercantile Exchange are professional speculators (like Maduff) known as "scalpers"—a term regretted by commodity traders but historically fixed in the jargon of the market. Since scalpers seek to make small, quick profits through each day's price fluctuations, they provide a fluid market and enable the hedger to make a trade whenever he wishes.

More adventurous traders have been known to go from rags to riches by their operations on the exchange—and sometimes back to rags. An exchange official cites an example of one man who made half a million dollars on onion futures within two years and lost it all again in the ensuing six months.

The attraction of speculation on the Mercantile Exchange is great to outsiders with gamblers' spirits. Fluctu-



Transactions are recorded for all to see on boards along one side of the room. The exchange is on the second floor at 110 North Franklin.

use in the winter months of low production. They were packed in salt or lime, or preserved in tanks with pickling solutions. The result tasted as much of the preservative as of the eggs, however, and dealers turned first to ice-houses, then to storage houses cooled by mechanical refrigeration. Successful storage of eggs led to the need for estimates by the dealers of how many eggs to withdraw from the market in the flush laying season of spring for sale later in the year.

Such market predictions contained a large element of uncertainty as to how many eggs consumers would buy in winter months and what the supply would be, so outside speculators early entered the egg market hoping to make profits through their judgment of these factors. They would carry a car of eggs in storage for several months in the hope of a sizable price rise.

As the practice of storing eggs increased, shippers and dealers entered

with new rules to guard against abuses such as defaulting on contracts.

In the ensuing almost half a century that the exchange has operated, the practice of "hedging" has become a main function of trading on that market. Hedging, sometimes referred to as "price insurance," enables producers, processors, dealers or manufacturers to pass on to speculators the risk of price fluctuation of a commodity during a specified period.

This is how it works:

In March, eggs may be selling for 40 cents a dozen. A dealer buys ten carlots. He estimates that he can store them until September at a cost of two cents a dozen. He can sell September futures at 43 cents a dozen, that is, make a contract to sell eggs for that price in that month. He can do this because some speculators believe that eggs will actually be selling for more than 43 cents a dozen in September. So he sells ten carlots of Sep-

ations are constant, within the daily maximum set by the exchange, and relatively little investment is required. Currently, the investor in the stock market buying on margin must put up a minimum of 70 cents for every dollar of stock he buys. On the Mercantile Exchange, he can buy a futures contract on a carlot of eggs worth \$6,000 by putting up as margin \$500, or a little over eight cents for every dollar of the purchase.

The risks for the amateur are great, however, since commodity prices will vary with the weather, figures in a variety of government reports, expectations as to changes in buying habits, general economic conditions, the prices of competing products and the rumors inevitable in any market.

Before the days of stricter government regulation of commodity exchanges, it was possible for speculators to make exorbitant profits by "cornering" the market. In this maneuver, the speculator seeks to acquire all or almost all of the supplies of a commodity and acquires a "long" speculative position by buying futures. Then he forces those who have sold futures contracts to bid up prices to a substantially higher level to either buy back the futures or purchase the actual commodities for delivery under the futures contracts. Such price manipulation is now prohibited by government regulations.

Professional speculators constitute only a small group among the 500 members of the Mercantile Exchange. The rest are composed of brokerage houses, which buy on commission for their customers just as they do on the stock exchange; producers, shippers, dealers and large users of the commodities traded. Currently, a seat on the exchange sells for about \$6000 and has ranged from a low of \$3000 to a high of \$7000—last year.

About 65 firms have also qualified for "clearing house" membership by having two officials with exchange membership and putting up a \$50,000 reserve and a \$10,000 bond to guarantee their financial ability to fulfill their trades. Other exchange members

trade through these clearing house members, to whom they pay a commission half that charged outsiders. For example, non-members pay \$33 commission for purchase of a carlot of eggs, members \$16.50. The exchange itself collects a small additional "clearance fee" on each transaction, by means of which it pays its expenses.

Although transactions are actually made between individual traders, technically all dealing is with the clearing house which maintains its records in the same manner as a bank, offsetting each trader's purchases with his sales. Thus the purchaser of a futures contract need not find the original seller of the contract to sell it back. He simply sells the futures contract to any other trader and his account is cleared in the clearing house.

LOCATED on the second floor at 110 north Franklin, the Mercantile Exchange has three sunken octagonal pits. Only two are in use at the present time, one for eggs and one for onion trading. The third one is the butter pit, unused for lack of substantial trading at present. Traders stand in the center or on the steps of the pit and call out their bids to buy or offers to sell until a purchase or sale is closed with another trader. The spectacle of some 20 to 40 men each calling out to be heard above the "two at twenty-five" might mean two one at twenty," while gesticulating with one or more fingers outstretched, is likely to be the major impression carried away by the visitor.

The method of communicating bids and offers is simple enough. Figures quoted are always the last two figures of the bid or offer for a carload. Thus "two at twenty-five might mean two carloads of eggs at \$.4025 per dozen. The first two digits of the bid or offer are known by the previous trades, since prices tend to rise or fall the minimum of five-hundredths of a cent at a time. Gestures indicate the number of carloads involved and whether it is a bid or offer. Three fingers held

up with the palm outward indicates an offer to sell three carlots. Symbolically the trader is pushing the eggs away. Conversely, the same gesture with the palm turned inward shows a desire to buy the indicated number of carloads.

A twelve-man elected board of governors determines the rules of the exchange. Enforcement is in the hands of the paid president, tall, energetic Everett B. Harris, an enthusiastic promoter with varied experience in business and government. Since taking office, he has, with appreciable success, conducted a vigorous campaign to attract stock brokerage firms and their clients into trading in commodity futures on the Mercantile Exchange. His speeches throughout the country aimed at publicizing the exchange have averaged about one a week. Harris has no doubt as to the value of the exchange as a place where competitive prices can be set by supply and demand and which provides a system through futures trading which smooths the extreme price fluctuations in foods between periods of high and low production.

A farm boy who came to the city and made good, the 43-year-old executive is a fitting head of the world's largest produce market. Prior to being elected to his present position in early 1953, he served as executive secretary of the Chicago Board of Trade for four years. Before that he was an economist with the federal government for a number of years and, more recently, was personnel director of Mandel Brothers for three years.

Currently, there is trading in eggs, butter, potatoes, onions and turkeys at the Mercantile Exchange. The once popular phrase, "butter and egg man," referred to the big traders of the early twenties when these were the only commodities traded on the Exchange. In those days of a less regulated market, these were the men who made or lost—a fortune overnight, and when they made it were the darlings of the chorus girls.

Now both the butter and egg men and the chorus girls have become

Left to right: Hand signals indicate offers to buy or sell quantities specified by number of fingers raised. Traders stand on the steps of octagonal pits. The floor in repose; only two of the three pits are currently in use, for egg and onion trading.



extinct, albeit for different reasons. Butter was traded actively on the exchange until World War II, when the federal government instituted price supports on it and eggs to encourage production. Price supports were dropped from eggs in 1950, but they have been continued on butter.

Government programs and surpluses have also kept trading in potato futures at a low level. Trading in turkey futures, since the product is consumed in relatively small quantities, also contributes little to the volume of the exchange's activities.

A venture during the past two years out of the produce field turned out to be unsuccessful. Trading was begun in scrap iron and steel as a result of demand by some dealers in the field, as well as the exchange's aim of increasing the scope of its trading. Interest was insufficient in the industry and many larger dealers opposed the futures trading, so it was dropped recently. Other than eggs, the only commodity in which there is appreciable futures trading is onions.

Despite its limited scope, however, Mercantile Exchange has substantially increased in importance as a commodity trading center during the past few years. The volume of trading set new records in 1954 and again in 1955, and Harris predicts that another new mark will be set this year.

The exchange is easily the most important produce market in the world and as a commodity exchange is exceeded in volume only by the Chicago Board of Trade and the New York Cotton Exchange. Approximately 2.5 billion dollars in commodities were traded on the Mercantile Exchange during 1955. Were it not for the presence of the Board of Trade in the same city, undoubtedly there would be much more local recognition of the economic importance of the Mercantile Exchange.

While the Exchange seeks to solve its problems by self-regulation—through the efforts of Harris, the board of governors and various committees—since 1922 the federal government has found it advisable to keep an appraising eye on commodity trading through one of the agencies under the Department of Agriculture. The Commodity Exchange authority is charged with preventing price manipulations and corners, protecting hedgers in their use of the futures market, insuring the proper handling of funds in the transactions, and providing information to the public on trading operations of the 20 commodity markets throughout the country.

Occasionally, the CEA's local office charges a trader on the Mercantile Exchange with a major violation such

as trying to manipulate prices of a commodity by cornering the market. Sanctions which can be invoked against violators are sufficiently heavy to discourage most of those who might otherwise be tempted. In addition to the stigma of being labeled a violator, suspension from trading for a dealer means he cannot hedge his cash purchases by dealing in futures. If a broker is suspended from dealing in commission futures, his customers will necessarily turn to other firms and may never return. A firm found in violation of the Commodity Exchange act lays itself open also to civil suits for damages by other traders who can allege financial injury as a result of the manipulation. In the extreme, a trader can be expelled from membership in the exchange, fined and even sentenced to prison.

All these potential penalties have proven to be rather effective in preventing violations, but there is still an occasional major case. On the Mercantile Exchange, the CEA has brought only three such charges in the past ten years. In one, Great Western Distributors, Inc., an egg dealer, and several of its officials were found to have sought to profit on the egg market by efforts to establish a corner on both egg futures and the actual supply of eggs in Chicago in December, 1947. The firm was suspended from trading for a year, and under a criminal indictment filed by the Department of Justice, a fine of \$32,000 was levied.

THE BIGGEST CONTROVERSY currently centering around Mercantile Exchange activities involves trading in onion futures, which were placed under CEA control in September, 1955. The National Onion association, which reportedly represents some 2,000 onion growers, is strongly opposed to such trading. It objects to what it regards as determination and even manipulation of prices on onions grown on the farm by traders in the city, and blames the wide price fluctuations which occur at times on speculators.

Hearings were held earlier this year by a House of Representatives agricultural subcommittee at which Harris testified, answering critics of trading in onions. He said, in part:

"The futures market does not in any way set prices. We merely furnish the hall for trading and what we hope are fair and equitable rules. Supply and demand sets onion prices as it sets other prices which are not on government support programs. The Exchange merely registers and disseminates these prices so that all may know them. We are like a thermometer which registers temperatures.

You would not want to pass a law against thermometers just because we had a short spell of zero weather or break a barometer because the air pressure fell."

The protests about the onion futures market on the exchange have been effective enough, however, so that earlier this year the exchange instituted new rules in onion futures trading. They include limitations of a maximum of 300 onion futures contracts held by any one interest in a speculative position, and maximum daily fluctuations of fifty cents per bag. There is also a 25-cent penalty on the price on onions stored in Chicago and delivered in fulfillment of a futures contract in order to discourage a large accumulation of onions here for speculative purposes.

WHILE THERE HAVE been protests, hearings and new regulations with respect to onion futures, the amount of trading in them on the Mercantile Exchange has increased steadily. In the first full year of trading, 1943, 461 carlots were traded. After the war volume rose to over 20,000 in 1948, over 70,000 in each of the following three years, and since 1952 has been well over 100,000 carlots annually.

Trading in the exchange's main commodity, egg futures, is running well ahead of last year. In 1955, it amounted to 400,543 carlots, which breaks down into 70 billion eggs. Actual production totaled about 60 billion eggs.

Harris is sure that the exchange's function in the economy will achieve better recognition with increased public understanding. He believes that the futures market is perhaps the least understood of marketing mechanisms. A continuous vigorous educational and public relations program is necessary to eliminate this misunderstanding, he says, and he actively practices what he preaches.

Free markets in the United States, he emphatically declares, will be destroyed and replaced by a planned economy if the opponents of futures trading have their way and either achieve the abolition of such commerce or choke the markets to death with excessive government regulation. Thus far the exchange is happy with its relations with the CEA and the amount of regulation, Harris states, but the price of maintaining free markets is eternal vigilance.

"It's a nerve-wracking job," Harris says about his position, "but if we have problems with various outside groups and government regulations that's only growing pains — and I'd rather have growing pains than stand still."

For people with pride....



TV PREVUE

TV Prevue is Chicago's only compact, digest-size newspaper guide. It's modern — neat on your set. It's yours with The Sunday Sun-Times!



The Cultural Renaissance: Chapter Two

by Bernard Asbell

There is a special quality of entertainment to those nervous few minutes in a theater before the curtain first goes up. You twiddle with your program, pivot your neck around to see who's there. When these devices run out, you stare at the curtain, wondering. What all-enveloping conflict, what flashing climaxes and brilliant wit wait to be revealed?

On October 2, for the first time in several years, an audience fidgeting with these thoughts will face the curtain of one of Chicago's most play-worthy theaters, the neat and compact Studebaker.

When that curtain rises, it will reveal more than the sets, the props, the actors which combine to form the play-maker's illusion. The perceptive viewer can discover there, if he wants to look, some of the hard-rock realities of American theater today. He will see some of the past and perhaps the future of theater in the city. And in stage center, he might see the shadows of a young, bespectacled mathematician-engineer-manufacturer who may have devised the formula for converting these hard-rock realities into a living theater—not only living, i.e., in the flesh, but living, i.e., surviving, downing three square meals a day.

Bernard Sahllins, 34-year-old vice-president for production and engineering of the Pentron corporation, makers of tape recorders, is the president of and driving force behind the new

Studebaker Theatre company. He proposes to build a permanent repertory troupe—presenting intelligent plays 40 weeks out of the year, usually in runs of four weeks each. Its first half-season of 20 weeks is already in an advanced stage of preparation.

To sum up briefly the bare facts released to the newspapers, the Studebaker company is directed by a board of four young men whose wealth ranges from modest to formidable. They are Sahllins; Lewis Manilow, an attorney whose father is the major business figure behind Park Forest and who has an extra-curricular passion for theater; Andre Gabor, an exporter, and Theodore Rossman, like Sahllins, an officer of the Pentron corporation. These men floated stock at \$501 per share, rounding up 75 investors, and they capitalized at a figure described as "more than \$50,000."

A first series of five plays, as scheduled at this writing, will include George Bernard Shaw's *Androcles and the Lion*, based on Aesop's fable of the lion with a thorn in its paw, to be directed by Sir Cedric Hardwicke and to star Ernest Truex; Eugene O'Neill's *Marco Millions*, a love story distinguished by its large cast and appalling number of changes in stage sets; Ivan Turgenev's *A Month in the Country*, a drama of a matron's love for a youth which prospered surprisingly last season in an off-Broadway New York house; Andre Gide's *The Immoralist*, which induced some moralist gasps in

STUDEBAKER THEATRE

Two years ago grand opera made a triumphant return to a city that had loved and lost it. Now a young business man is promoting a bold attempt to restore native theater. Here is an analysis of the promoter and his prospects on the eve of a venture that may have nation-wide implications for a shrinking entertainment medium

Manhattan; and Shakespeare's *Much Ado About Nothing*.

Plays being considered for the second 20-week series are Enid Bagnold's *Chalk Garden*; Chekhov's *Uncle Vanya*, another New York hit featuring big names in a little theater; *Hamlet*; Sean O'Casey's yet unproduced *Purple Dust*; *The Three Penny Opera*, of Brecht and Weill; Saroyan's *The Time of Your Life*; Arthur Miller's *A View from the Bridge* and *The Crucible*, which the producers of touring companies have shunned.

Like the gift merchant who advertised a watch with room for 17 jewels, the Studebaker drops the names of stars with whom it is "in negotiation" for leading roles. But this name-dropping helps describe the ambitions and tastes of the management. At this writing, these stars were still twinkling in Studebaker shop-talk; John Gielgud, Siobhan McKenna, Geraldine Page,

Franchot Tone, Signe Hasso, Lotte Lenya, Charles Laughton, Elsa Lancaster and Peter Ustinov. These names help measure the Studebaker plan as a big project.

The old Goodman Repertory theater, the Chicago Repertory Group and the Mummens of Chicago during the 30s were the last of the city's significant homegrown theater. The Studebaker's goal, however, is not to reconstruct the scale of the 30s but to go back further and do it up bigger—suggesting the scale of the 20s when big shows with big names were put together in big houses here. Once Chicago withered away as a producing

Managers of the Studebaker Theatre company are Danny Newman, left, and Dan Goldberg, veterans of business phase of show business.



Don Bronstein photos



The founding fathers, clockwise from lower left: Theodore Rossman, Lewis Manilow, Andre Gabor, Bernard Sahlins.

center, any creative person—any actor, director, writer or designer — was forced to get out of the living theater or get out of town. Now the Studebaker hopes to lure some of these artists back from their places of unemployment around Broadway.

An examination of the Studebaker's prospects for fulfilling this plan might well begin with scrutiny of the young man who is its prime mover. All daring projects have prime movers and these individuals have certain qualities in common: they are ambitious dreamers, they are persuasive and inspire confidence, and they conceal enormous sources of energy needed to lift their projects off the ground. But at this point, these dreamers divide into two groups: those who go aloft with a practical machine and a clear plan for where to fly with it, and those who rise spectacularly, then fall flat, all tangled up in their dreams.

True to his training, Sahlins is a practical man. This fact, say some skeptical observers of the Studebaker, may be his undoing. He has created, they say, an icicle-like business, lacking the adventurous sense of experiment which ought to spur little theaters.

And this practical engineer gets it from the other side, too. A different set of skeptics forecasts doom after consulting the first list of five plays. They write it off as a snooty endeavor by a few snooty esoterics, too few to keep it alive economically.

Skeptics on both sides of the aisle, however, send up faint cheers for a valiant try. Louder cheers come from a less opinionated—and more numerous—band of supporters in the middle who think it's just plain terrific that

somebody's making the try. The daily mail in room 839 of the Fine Arts building bulges happily with orders for season subscriptions. In a drive for 20,000 subscribers, so far three have already come from addresses in Calumet City, another theatrical center, which previously usurped Chicago's cultural renown.

BERNARD SAHLINS is what one of his friends describes as "the new kind of business man." He would probably wear a crew-cut if he could. He cuts his hair short, but because it's too soft the little strands just fall forward, pointing down to his long face, making it appear even longer. He is shortish and informal. He likes to wear a V-neck sweater for a vest. He goes to art exhibits—and sometimes even buys a painting—and he likes art films and the ballet. He plays the piano, presently working on some Mozart and Bach studies. He goes to bed late and bounds up early. He immensely enjoys his business success, but it's not his whole life. When he talks about the arts, especially about theater, his narrow, bespectacled eyes impale his listener as he spreads out an abundance of facts, quotations and concepts, and kneads them into a satisfying logic. Then, starting with his intent eyes, his whole face relaxes in a smile suggesting sympathy as he makes his point.

Sahlins was born in the Garfield Park neighborhood in 1922, came up through West Side public schools, then went on to a degree in mathematics at the University of Chicago. His father is a medical doctor. Young Sahlins had given some thought to becoming a doctor, too. But he observed

that medical men must be completely absorbed in their jobs and he decided against it. He almost chose archaeology. This is a clue to a significant theme always present in his conversation—the awareness of great spans of time and the unfolding of history into the present. He flips out references to ancient classics with the ease of a press agent distributing adjectives. He believes neither in revivifying the past nor in trying to break from it; as yesterday's art expressed yesterday and was prelude to today's, so must today's art express today and prelude tomorrow's.

When Sahlins was nine years old he climbed up to the highest shelf in his neighborhood library and pulled down a book with an imposing binding. It happened to be *Ivanhoe*, not as important as the fact that other kids were impressed because he even bothered. To keep them impressed, he pulled down other books with important titles. "I was coerced at first by the recognition I got for reading over my head but before I knew it, I had become interested." He began to read one, sometimes two books a day — "some good and some trash."

As a child he was shy and unconfident, feeling somewhat the outsider. Such feelings came naturally to a Jewish kid in a neighborhood where that heritage was a crime punishable by an occasional punch in the nose. But because there were others like him subject to the same punishment for the same crime, he was simultaneously made to feel part of a group. So following his army service in World War II and his discharge for bad eyesight, he went to Europe and joined—it was the only thing he ever joined—Irgun, the Zionist revolutionary organization, committed to helping establish the state of Israel by themselves delivering an occasional punch in the nose. "This experience taught me the value of a practical thesis in a practical world."

A decade later, established as a leader in his industry, Sahlins had a practical plan in mind when he crossed the lobby of the Blackstone theater on the opening night of *Inherit the Wind* and introduced himself to Danny Newman, the city's leading theatrical press agent. He said he was the president of a new corporation which had leased the Studebaker and hoped to establish a permanent theater there. Having taken that step, he said, it was time for the wise amateur to bring in the more practiced and practical theater manager.

The two men met a few days later and Sahlins asked Newman to become manager of the project. Newman turned him down, not because he was

The Studebaker

Fine Arts Building, Michigan Blvd., Bet. Van Buren and Congress Sts.

FIFTH WEEK

commencing Sunday Evening June 14th, 1908

CHARLES DILLINGHAM Presents

ELSIE JANIS

In the Newest Musical Comedy,

"THE HOYDEN"

Special Engagement of JOSEPH CAWTHORN

From the French by Cosmo Hamilton.

Music by John L. Golden and Robert Hood Bowers.

Staged by Ben Teal.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

MAR TALBOT, of New York.	SAMUEL REED
RE TALBOT, of London, a long-distance connection.	ARTHUR STANFORD
ON HUGO WEYBACH.	JOSEPH CAWTHORN
BERTIE CECIL GRAHAM, a friend of Harry.	LIONEL WALSH
ROBERT GORDON, Surgeon R. N.	SYDNEY JARVIS
IRE, a village blacksmith.	EDGAR HALSTEAD
A chauffeur.	M. H. RYDER
TALBOT.	JESSIE RICHMOND
N. TALBOT, known as "The Hoyden."	ELSIE JANIS
IS JANIS, of America.	ANNIE ESMOND
HERMINIA SMITH, their maiden aunt.	MABEL CROFT
RIZETTE, Joan's maid.	TEXAS GUINAN
S. SANTACIERCHI.	LA NOVETA
E. LA CLAIRETTE.	ELLA ROCK
IS ANGIER.	GERTRUDE DOREMUS
IS COUTIER.	HARRY DEPP
TO DR MAULIN.	LOUISE DONAYAN
TON, manager of the hotel.	JANE ARCHER
E.	HELEN GRANTLEY
ETTE.	PAUL BEN YUSEF
TRIX.	LULU EVERETT
INE.	BERTHA MORRELL

PROGRAM CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

iels set about to draw play-hungry audiences to view play-hungry actors is of a size large enough to be economic and small enough to be "intimate". It seats about 1,250. For a time it served as a television studio. But NBC let its lease expire early this year, making it an attractive and cozy white elephant.

The Studebaker's acoustics are said to be ideal. In 1946, when Jan Kiepura, the tempestuous Polish tenor, starred there in *Polonaise*, he often came out on the stage after the theater had emptied and sang all his songs over again just to hear the pretty sounds come back to his ears.

Its location in the Fine Arts building is a few feet away from the Congress Street expressway and fairly close to parking in Grant park—the Monroe street lot and the new underground garage.

BUT THE HOPES of the Studebaker venture are not based on its physical plant nor on its proximity to parking spaces. They are based on Sahlins' idea of what a community theater ought to be.

Its central mission will be to stage plays "full of ideation" and "alive with relevance for today" which today's producers do not consider saleable enough to send out to the peasants west of New Jersey.

A policy defined this way could mean a parade of weird exhibitions chiefly distinguished by their lack of popular appeal.

"We will not do a play," Sahlins assures, "merely because it is esoteric. A serious theater-going audience seeks a living experience when it sees a play, and we must select plays which offer them one."

Sahlins has developed some unorthodox notions about the dollars-and-cents of popular appeal. "If we do the right thing artistically," he theorizes, "we will do the right thing commercially."

While most producers shoot for a mass audience, Sahlins comes up with the fetching notion that today a theater geared to serve a class audience—that is, a taste class, not an income class—can make its way securely, yet charge less for its tickets than the "mass audience" theater.

"A producer knows only to go for a hit," Sahlins asserts, starting to shape his logic. "If he doesn't have a hit, he has a flop. There is no middle ground. According to their mass-audience economics, the perfect plays are *Time Out for Ginger* and *John Loves Mary*. A hit play on this level brings hefty returns to the investors and a halo to the producer. A flop, when you consider the tremendous

initial costs of production, is a nearly total loss. So plays get frothier and frothier, in the hope that the audience will get broader and broader for a piece of light entertainment.

"But there is a comparatively small literate group in the middle class which would regularly and reliably support intelligent theater. Once we consider building a theater for this class audience, we can forget the producer's psychology of hit-versus-flop. From this literate group, if we can draw 20,000 regular theater-goers, we are economically in sound shape. For these particular 20,000 people, the most commercial thing to do is to do the best artistically."

If the Studebaker can truly pay its way on the "reliable" class support of only 20,000 devotees, then it will have proved something. On Broadway, where the wide-angle focus shoots for the masses, more money is lost in a year than is made. When the "angels" take a collective beating of two to three million dollars, they've enjoyed an average season. Some shows make a bundle, of course. But in the try, a greater number "bomb"—the trader's intransitive verb for losing money.

"At the race track it's the same. A few individuals go home richer than they came, but more money is lost than is won in a day." Unlike the theater, the race track has a way of sus-

This program, also lent by the library, demonstrates that the Shuberts were the Shuberts, even in 1920—as witness the reference to their feud with a newspaper. The cast of this play included Eva Le Gallienne, Thomas Mitchell and Sidney Blackmer.

SHUBERT-STUDEBAKER THEATRE

"The play's the thing."—Shakespeare

SHUBERT

Studebaker Theatre

Under the Direction of the Messrs. Shubert
CHICAGO

This theatre does not advertise in the Chicago Evening Post because of its persistency in printing untruthful statements about the Messrs. Shubert, their theatres and attractions.

FIRE NOTICE

Look around now, choose the nearest exit to your seat, and in case of disturbance of any kind, to avoid the dangers of panic, WALK (do not run) to that exit.

THIRD WEEK

Beginning Sunday Evening, November 14, 1920
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday

The MESSRS. LEE & J. J. SHUBERT Present

"Not So Long Ago"

A Three-Act Romantic Comedy of the Early '70's

By Arthur Richman

Staged by Edward Elmer

CAST OF CHARACTERS
(In the order of their appearance)

A Lamplighter	JOHN BASSETT
Sylvia	MARGARET MOSIER
Mary	LEATTA MILLER

Program Continued on Second Page Following
Plan of Exits on Page Sixteen

Originally opened in 1899, the Studebaker prospered for decades before falling victim to the centralization of theater in New York. This program from a 1908 production is in the Chicago Public Library's collection.

uninterested but because he was too interested. He, too, felt the need and sensed the timeliness of the project. He would regard it with personal rather than commercial devotion and said he'd be unable to live with himself if it were to fail. He told Sahlins, however, that he would help find a manager.

A few days later, Newman lunched at Henri's with an old professional friend, Dan Goldberg, who had just returned to Chicago from a tour as company manager of *Don Juan in Hell*. Goldberg turned the talk to a thought which had been nudging him for some time.

"The time is right, Danny," he said to Newman, "to form a producing organization in Chicago."

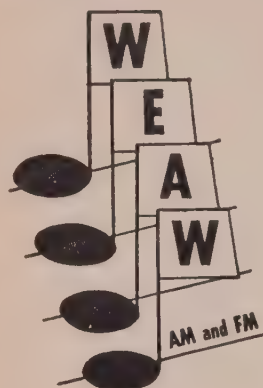
He began to describe the details of a theater which he felt the city would support. A glow came over Newman. Goldberg was describing the very project for which he and Sahlins were seeking a manager. When he proposed that Goldberg manage it, Goldberg, too, became awed at confronting his own dream and he, too, backed down for the same reasons.

"I'll make you another proposition," Newman then said thoughtfully. "Let's manage it together."

And so a new repertory theater was launched with not one but two experienced and devoted business managers.

The theater in which the two Dan-

**FOR THE BEST IN
MUSIC . . .**



**Tune to
HI-FIDELITY
IN BINAURAL**

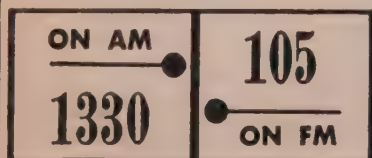
**broadcast simultaneously
over**

WEAW-AM and WEAW-FM

**each Sunday afternoon
at 3:00 - 4:00 pm.**

WEAW

**Your
good
music
station**



taining its charm for the audience in the face of competition from other entertainment media. But between 1931 and 1954, the number of theaters on Broadway declined by 50 per cent and the number of shows per season dropped 68 per cent. Nationally, available stages went down 64 per cent from 1921 to 1954.

While Broadway is a shrunken institution, there seems to be no letup to the in-migration of young hopefuls seeking fulfillment in that hard pressed area.

Recently in New York, Sahlins looked up some former actors of the Playwright's Theater Club, in which he had been an investor. After Playwright's was darkened by fire department license regulations, its cast moved to New York almost en masse. "All I heard from them in a whole evening," Sahlins says, "was 'so-and-so is casting tomorrow, and this one is producing that and a certain agent is looking for such-and-such.' When I knew these people in Chicago, they were thinking, serious and creative artists. Now they are competing like rats for a piece of cheese and completely preoccupied in the competition. That is what has happened since theater became so centralized in Broadway. If we can make the Studebaker succeed, it will help a little bit to eliminate this. The key is to decentralize, to initiate theater of our own, to hire our own actors, directors, writers and to be able to make some of our own decisions."

The Studebaker represents full time employment for 50 to 60 people—stage-hands, box-office men, ushers, as well as creative staff. Eight actors and actresses will comprise the permanent core of the cast. Every theatrical agent in New York has been asked to furnish candidates. Some of the spots may be filled by Chicagoans, but the choices will be governed by talent rather than geography.

Ticket prices will be remarkably low. By subscription, seats will range from a \$3.60 top per play to a gallery price of 80c. Bought individually, they'll cost 25 per cent more.

Several factors make possible these happy economics. First, the company will operate under a "stock contract" with Actors Equity. This arrangement allows a minimum salary to actors of \$55 a week, a shocking figure which underlines the savagely competitive plight of the actor.

Then, the Studebaker avoids the huge cost of transporting actors and carting costumes and scenery, traditional burdens of the road show. Compared to a rental of 30 to 50 per cent of box office income which producers must pay the Shuberts for use of their

"legitimate" houses, the Studebaker struck a bargain to pay ten per cent of its gross to the Fine Arts building. Finally, the Studebaker won't have to recoup the enormous rehearsal and production costs which precede a Broadway opening. The budget which pays for putting on the play by night partially covers production of next month's play by day.

Sahlins has doped out pretty well the practical angles for a success at the Studebaker. Room 839, the theater's temporary "front office," is a bustling and efficient administrative center. Impending success hovers all about the place. It's unmistakable that this venture will hold up economically, at least long enough to give it a fair trial.

Sahlins has pledged a theater, however, which would be not only saleable but exciting. But the play-goer ready to respond to a fresh and forceful theater is not given much stimulus in the rather unpointed outlook represented by the patternless choice of plays for the opening series. If the play-goer seeks a clue to the theater's character and style by appraising the character and style of a strong-minded permanent director he won't yet find one. But with the first curtain a month away, it is early to expect final answers to every question that may occur to a hopeful member of the 20,000.

Bernard Sahlins, mathematician-engineer-manufacturer and lover of the theater, has launched an economically sturdy repertory company. If it works, the city will be a more enjoyable place. If Sahlins the showman succeeds in developing a forceful theater of style, headed in a chartable direction, one to which its audience can react, for or against, the city will be a more exciting place. ■



94th Year



**232 SOUTH MICHIGAN
185 WEST MADISON**



we both felt that if this was the way we would die, we'd die on our own terms, standing straight up and walking straight ahead

***the blonds
are the
only ones
that count***

**a story by
Frank London Brown, jr.**

Rioting at the Trumbull Park public housing project began three years ago, when the first Negro family moved in. This civic cancer has festered in varying degrees ever since. Recently it tapered off to the extent that the special police detail was reduced to 75 members. But it is still impossible for Negro residents of the project to walk down the streets like free men. This story is a fictionalized version of actual occurrences in the life of one of the Negro families.

I sat on the back seat of the squad car as it pulled into the driveway of the Trumbull Park public housing project at 107th and Bensley. It was snowing. The driver's window was rolled all the way down, and the snowflakes, soggy and fat, blew into the car, slapping the big, beefy, red-

faced driver and his stiff-shouldered partner on the neck and cheeks. The wind, sweeping along the side of the car, flung tiny grains of snow in my face and wetted the Christmas edition of the paper that I had just bought.

I felt like slapping that wet paper right across that driver's fat neck. He'd waited until we hit the top of that long high bridge at 103rd street where the wind was howling and screaming and throwing snow everywhere; then he'd rolled the window down and the snow gushed in by the bucketful. But, well, we were almost home, and I didn't want to get into a bad mood on Christmas. Besides these guys were supposed to be out in Trumbull Park to protect us from some of the hot-heads who didn't go for their neighborhood being "invaded".

The long, somber, snow-covered row houses of the project looked just like the barracks at Fort Leonard Wood. The sunken grassless lawn, separating two sets of row houses inside the project, was now white-coated and ominous looking. I could see

headquarters No. 9 between the wide blue shoulders of the policemen. This was an emergency police office set up in one of the project apartments to control the nearly 300 policemen sent out there to protect my family and the eleven other Negro families who had just moved into the project.

It just didn't seem like Christmas with all the policemen around. I felt silly having to ride a police car to the newsstand to buy a newspaper. Without thinking, I said aloud, to myself more than anyone else: "You'd never know it was Christmas."

The driver eased the car to a halt, thumped his cap back, slouched in his seat, arm stretching across the back, and turned toward me, saying: "What d' you got to complain about? You get free taxi service. Me 'n Joe here come all the way from 5600 nort' to give you a ride over to 103rd 'n Cottage, just so's you c'n get a paper. Don't that seem like Christmas, boy?"

I had been ready to tell this guy off when he opened that window, but I'd been so twisted up inside already that

I decided to skip it. But now he'd started "signifying," and that was just about all I could take: "Look, you guys are on a job. You know? I mean, you are getting paid with the taxpayers money to protect them, that means me, too, you know?"

"Well, who asked you people to move out here anyway? The city's got other projects. How come you gotta come out here where you're not wanted and cause us trouble, cause everybody trouble?"

He was turned around, directly facing me now. The weatherlines from years of directing traffic on the Gold Coast caved in as he frowned and reddened. Joe, his partner, sat immobile, but I could see by a certain straightness in his shoulders that he was listening intently. I snapped back at the driver:

"You act like we're the ones who throw bricks at the cars, like we're the ones who break out windows, and blow up stores just for serving somebody. We're not to blame for your having to come out here from 5600 north. Why don't you blame the guys who said they'd beat our brains out if we used their streets?"

I felt my ears burning, and I blurted: "And get that; *their* streets. Like we don't pay taxes!"

The driver's partner shifted, manipulating his shoulders as if they were itching but he didn't want to scratch them for fear of attracting attention to his presence. The driver seemed lost for a reply and he sounded a bit desperate as he said, "You people got no right movin' where you're not wanted!"

I jammed the door handle down, kicked the door open, and climbed out of the squad car without answering. It seemed even less like Christmas now.

I walked the block from the driveway to my house, filled with all kinds of emotions: anger for not having said more to that cop; fear lest a volley of bricks fly out at me from one of the gangways as I passed, the way they did the day Wes and I walked in from the bus stop; depression at the sight of the monotonous row after row of houses, mud-colored and squatty, with pathetic, bare Christmas trees jammed against the jail-like bars of the front windows.

I kicked the door when I reached home. I'd thought that our tree looked pretty when we put it up; now even it seemed gawky, gaudy, over-burdened with lights and tin foil icicles.

Evelyn's hands were steaming when she opened the door. Her thin figure seemed to deny the fact that she had had a baby in July. I shuddered as I thought about it. July was the month

that Wes and I had walked in from the bus stop.

"Hi, honey." Her thick hair blossomed in dark coils about her face, and her pink lips matched her cinnamon skin like pale candles on a smooth brown cake.

"Hi, baby."

I stomped the snow from my feet and stepped inside. The newspaper was gray and soggy, the front page spotty with type from page two. Evelyn unbuttoned the top button of my overcoat and took the paper from my hand.

"Wes called."

"Yeah? What did he want?"

"He didn't say."

"Well, did you ask him?"

"Yes, I did."

"Well, what did he want?"

"He didn't say."

I snatched my coat off, and threw it across the couch, muttering, "Hell!"

Evelyn walked toward the kitchen.

She spoke without looking back, "Would you hang your coat up?"

"I was going to!"

"When?"

I walked toward the kitchen. "Are you trying to be funny?"

Evelyn turned the water on in the sink. "No, I'm not."

That argument with the policeman had gotten to me without my knowing it. Now I realized it, and I felt like a moron for biting Evelyn's head off. I didn't know how to say I was sorry. Saying it would mean explaining why I had acted so funny in the first place. That would mean telling her about the open window and the argument with the policeman and what he had said, and what I had said, and, well, it was just too much trouble. I wanted to forget it as soon as possible.

Just to have something to say, I asked, "Is he home now?"

The water was banging down against the sink with a loud "shhh" kind of noise. Evelyn heard me though, and she yelled above the din, "He was when he called."

Living in Trumbull Park was like living inside an army camp—with the enemy stationed right outside the gate. Once a guy stepped outside the project his color was a signal for the neighborhood people to start raising particular cain, and they would, with rocks, bottles, names, fists, anything they could get their hands on.

Trumbull Park was off limits to Negroes. Thinking of all this and that conversation with the policeman made the smell of sage, celery and dressing in the Christmas turkey just another Sunday smell—nice, but routine—half-existent beneath the cloud of worries, unreasonable hatreds, dejection.

Wesley Price moved into Trumbull

Park a couple of months after I did. I remembered him the first time I saw him. We had gone to DuSable high together, graduated at the same time. We hadn't been too close those days, but we had spoken a few times, played basketball a few times, and possibly a little hookey every now and then.

He was the same sweater-wearing, short, muscular guy that he had been at DuSable, only now he had a mustache that curled down around the sides of his mouth, and his hair had gotten pretty thin at the top.

Lately Wes and I had argued about the aerial bombs which the local "Improvement association" had been setting off as part of their campaign to force us out of Trumbull Park.

They were usually pretty far away, so they never hurt anybody—physically. The object was to slowly drive us nuts. Sometimes as many as two or three hundred would be exploded in one day. They would start early in the afternoon right around the time the men got home from working in the steel mills, and they would be booming from then until two or three o'clock in the morning. The whole sky would be splattered with spiraling blue-white lights. The buildings and windows would quiver and shake from the hollow, roaring echo. Those bombs were so powerful that when they exploded the inside of the house grew bright from their harsh light, even if the lamps were on.

The bombs started when the first Negro family moved into the all-white housing project, and they continued even after that family finally moved out, tired of battling policemen who managed not to see the bricks the mob hurled through their windows, tired of being called names by their neighbors, tired of watching the endless picket lines that marched around the house shouting: "We want the niggers! We want the niggers!"

The family moved out just after Wes and I moved into the project. Things were quiet the first day our family moved in. We didn't believe the stories that the first family told about the fires the mob had tried to light under the house, or the man who broke the window of the front door with his fist trying to get at the mother who was alone. We didn't even believe the story about the bombs until one went off, and then another, and another.

We were too happy at having escaped from the high-rent so-called "apartments" we had lived in on the South Side to be concerned about something as abstract as name-calling, or even about bombs.

When our children first heard the

bombs, they would cry and whimper and run to Mama, and push their heads into her legs, not even noticing how Mama's legs trembled, or how she looked at me for an answer which was never given because there was none.

After the first shock of fear wore off, the children would yell at the blue-white lights in the sky: "Stop that noise, you nasty people! Stop it, d'ya hear?"

Now at Christmas time the bombs were fewer. I argued with Wes that it was the cold weather that had kept the rioters from setting so many of them off. Wes argued that it was because Christmas was near and the spirit was changing their evil hearts.

I couldn't understand how he could attribute any qualities of humanity to those people. The first family had been gone for months now. The memories of the slums had been blasted into the background. The anxiety, fear and tension of living in the barricaded project, surrounded by rioters and hostile police, had made snapping, nervous wrecks out of all of us.

But the picture of the past kept us from moving out—back into the "three rings, second floor rear" apartments that awaited us in Bronzeville. And our anger at the nerve of the rioters, who had decided that Negro families, all with war veteran husbands, had not fought or suffered enough to deserve to live in a housing project built by the government of the United States, made us determined to stick it out, come what may.

Still Wes had a goofy kind of faith in these people as human beings that made me sick at the stomach.

I stood by the phone in the living room staring blankly at my phone number, trying halfheartedly to remember Wes's number. Thinking about a million things at one time, wondering where all this would end, worrying about my three little girls and the blue-white lights in the sky, afraid of what all this would do to Evelyn and me.

"Evelyn, what's Wes' number, I forgot!"

"Shades of Sigmund Freud, Frank, if you don't want to call him, why bother?"

"What's the number?"

"I forgot."

"Hell!"

I started dialing, the number returning to my mind as I did. Wes answered. His voice sounded as if he was giving the answer to a hard question, an answer which itself sounded like a question:

"Hello?"

I felt like saying, "That's right, stupid!"

But I said, "Merry Christmas, Wes, this is Frank."

"Hey, Frank! Merry Christmas. You know why I called?"

For a minute I had forgotten that he had called first, and I said, "You called? Uh, oh yeah, uh, why did you call?"

"To wish you Merry Christmas, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

Really, sometimes Wes could get so goofy that you just felt like hanging up on him.

"Well, you are a caution, and a merry old Christmas to you. Now why did you call. Need money, of which I have none?"

His voice dropped a bit from its nearly tearful laughing pitch.

"Naw, man, I'm straight on that score. But do you know that they haven't set off a single bomb today? Something is wrong."

"Is that why you called?"

"Yeah, and that's something. I told you, these people aren't the worst in the world."

"Who said they were—there's always Milam and Bryant."

I couldn't quite catch what Wes was driving at. I said: "What's wrong about no bombs going off today?" He seemed to have been kidding, yet that "something is wrong" sort of hung around in my head like the recurrent twang of a struck fork.

Wes changed the subject slightly, but I caught that same theme when



he said: "Suppose they don't let off a bomb all day? Why, the silence would drive me nuts."

"Jack, you're already nuts."

"Okay then, the silence will drive me sane. Then how would that make you look?"

"Crazy, man, crazy."

"Oh, Frank, what I mean is, if these people believe in Christmas and peace on earth and things like that, they're bound to . . ."

I cut him off: "These fools could believe in Christmas and peace and blow our brains out at the same time. Look, Wes, you're a nice guy, y' know what I mean? But you just don't understand people. They shot those damned bombs off last night, and that was Christmas Eve. I tell you they'll shoot them off again tonight."

Wes was all stirred up now, and he snapped back: "Naw, man, you're wrong. Last night was Christmas Eve, I'm talking about Christmas. And Christmas is different from Christmas Eve, y'know?"

"Yeah, so I've heard, but . . ."

He interrupted: "Besides, the ones last night were probably set off by some goofy bunch of kids celebrating the holidays."

"Are you drunk?"

"Well, I have had a . . . uh, what are you talking about?"

"Has this bunch of kids angle been shoved down your throat so much that they've got you believing it yourself?"

"What do you mean?"

"Just this, those bombs cost money. The kids around here are as broke as we are."

"Probably more so."

"Where would a bunch of care-free kids get enough money to light two or three hundred of those doozies every night, including Christmas Eve?"

He paused a second or so. So unsure of himself. I could tell that I had growled and grumbled that Christmas spirit right out of him. Then he started up again: "Frank, I mean you should at least give 'em credit for being human at least, even these rioters are . . ."

HE STOPPED AGAIN, and I knew that he was remembering last summer when he and I decided to stop riding the squad car from the bus line to our houses. We knew that there was danger, but the insults we had to take from the cops in the squad, and the rioters standing along the streets jeering and shouting, daring us to get out of the car, calling us cowards for not walking so that they could beat our brains out, had come to mean more to us than life itself. We had begun to

feel that every ride in that car was an admission that we had been brave enough to go to war, but were afraid to fight and die for our rights at home.

I knew that Wes was remembering the very first day we walked in together, down the narrow sidewalk next to the ball field. Four long blocks to our homes in the Trumbull Park project. We passed hundreds and hundreds of the rioters screaming and spitting and throwing things at us. Throwing things at the police who walked beside us, calling them nigger-lovers, calling us niggers.

I think he was remembering how once as we walked, our hands touched, and we held hands like little brother and big brother, only neither one of us was big brother, and we were both so scared that we didn't even notice that we were holding on to each other for dear life until we reached the project.

Wes had never said a word about it to me and I never said a word to him. We were both ashamed that we had gotten so afraid of the mob. Yet we did it again and again after that day—driven by something which we were never able to explain or even understand. Finally the police forced us to stop walking—constantly nagging, bullying, threatening when there were no witnesses around to know our side of the story.

In spite of all this, Wes felt a weird and desperate need to make me see that those people were human no matter how fierce they might appear to be, and I wanted him to see that they were animals, wild vicious beasts with a wild and vicious master—the "Improvement association".

But it was Christmas, a time for rejoicing, and I was getting sadder by the minute, and so was Wes.

"Okay, Wes," I said. "Let's make a bet."

"Aw naw, you ain't gonna have me betting you that a bomb won't go off, and have me losing house and home."

The defensive hardness in his voice had softened a bit.

"Oh," I drew out this "oh" as sarcastically as I could. "Faith in man, my good fellow, remember?"

"Frank." That little laughing sound was easing back into his voice. "I know these folks are all mixed up in the head, an' all that, but I mean, I just don't think they will goof today the way they usually do. After all, you've got to at least give 'em credit for being . . ."

"Yeah, I know, human. W-H-O-M-A-N. Okay, I'll bet you a dollar that . . ."

Wes broke in: "No gambling on Christmas." That old tickled sound was in full force now.

"All right, Wes, let's just say that if the mob doesn't raise particular Cain tonight after they all get full of turkey and eggnog, I will agree that man is man and beast is beast and never the twain shall meet, okay?"

"Now remember, Frank, one or two little bombs don't make no race riot."

"Naw, but they strain the hell out of race relations."

"That ain't what I mean, fool!"

"Okay, one or two bombs don't count, but anything over five or six, okay?"

"Okay. Hey, man, it's almost turkey time. I gotta go, I'll call you later."

"Don't worry when those doggoned bombs start going off tonight. I'll be calling you, and it won't be mister!"

"Frank, you are a backslider if I ever saw one."

"Okay, Rev, I'll see you."

We had dinner at around six o'clock. We didn't have many visitors, though. A couple of the Negro families dropped in on their way out. They were going to the city, to the Loop, where bright lights hawked movies about White Christmases and theater marquees sedately announced the opening of Broadway "smash hits".

Others were going to 63rd street where the night clubs would be filled with laughing and smoke, Christmas-present perfume, and the bittersweet of fresh martinis. Others were going to church for the evening service in the Black Belt where the choir was all-colored and the minister was colored and even Jesus hanging so limp in the high stained-glass windows was colored. A colored world in the black-belt where people went if they wanted to worship in peace, have fun, and where they stayed if they knew "what was good for them."

Who cared that rents were higher, that the streets were darker, dirtier, or that families were practically packed on top of each other in "apartments" until the buildings had actually begun to split at the seams and fall apart from the pressure.

After dinner, I turned on the television, but the sick-cow sound and the pretzel-shaped people on the screen reminded me that it was broken and had been for weeks, so we turned on the radio instead. After awhile the big loud orchestra loused up *Silent Night* just one time too often, and we turned it off.

Evelyn, sitting beside me on the sofa, was giving the baby its milk. Debbie and Sherry were sitting under the Christmas tree, playing house with the red, green and blue plastic dish set that Evelyn and I had bought the night before. Ev and I talked about how nice Christmas had turned out for

the children, and how quiet it was. I had said how delicious dinner was and how quiet it was. We talked about how sweet our children were and how quiet it was. I remarked how cold it was outside, and how quiet, how warm inside, how quiet, and quiet was the inside of a sky-high glass bowl turned upside down and set right over our world and Chicago and Trumbull Park and our room. Soon the children were asleep under the tree.

I looked at Evelyn, but she was looking at our two girls with that smile on her face that women have when they remember that no man in the world can have a baby—a tiny, red-faced, bald-headed baby—that will grow and grow and grow into a smooth brown-skinned doll asleep underneath a Christmas tree.

I started thinking about what I could do. What was my claim to fame, my excuse for using up good air, earth and water?

Then I thought about how scared I was the day Wes and I walked home from the bus stop. I decided that this wasn't anything to be proud of, especially compared with looking death in the face, tussling with it all night long, and coming out winners with your newborn baby in your arms.

Thinking about babies reminded me of a face that had been popping up in my mind every now and then for about five months; actually there were two faces. Those darned things wouldn't go away, yet I couldn't remember where they came from.

What really bugged me about the whole thing was that these were faces of two white kids. Baby faces smudged with dirt, with long dirty blond hair, and the brightest blue eyes you ever saw.

I knew that there was some connection between those faces and the mob, but these were not the snarling, twisted faces of the mob. In fact, these were smiling faces—smiling, dirty blond faces. I looked at my two girls asleep underneath the tree and the quiet was the strangest ever. It was like something was wrong.

Something was wrong.

Wes had said that. Our holding hands had had something to do with those faces. And the quiet, the tight abnormal quiet—that too had something to do with those faces and the mob.

IT WAS THAT DAY that Wes and I walked in. We got off the bus at around 6:10. There were 20 or 30 people watching two softball teams playing in the park that ran along the sidewalk toward our houses in the project.

The day was like any other July day in Chicago. The far-off click of the ball as the bat slammed it toward us was a familiar reminder of days long ago at places which seemed light-years away from the park.

When Wes and I decided to take the CTA home and walk to the project from the bus stop, we told the sergeant at headquarters No. 9 of our intentions, and a squad of about ten policemen met us when we stepped off the bus.

They formed two columns on each side of us and proceeded to walk briskly and quietly, almost tiptoeing, as if they thought that by doing so we could walk the four blocks home past the spectators and the ballplayers without being seen.

It was so quiet that day, and so warm. Even the leaves on the ground and the trees seemed to be lying still, trying to keep quiet, trying to hush us past the crowd in the park.

A young boy of about 19 started running after the ball that had been knocked our way. He scooped it up. The batter was dashing toward second; the boy whirled with a beautiful motion, cocking his arm at the same time and started to throw the ball, and then he saw us—Wes and I and the ten sweating, tiptoeing policemen, walking down the street, his street.

"Heyyyyy!"

The ball plopped out of his fingers.

"Niggers! Niggers!"

The players and spectators turned toward us, stared for several seconds, and then started walking toward us. Slowly, disorganized, and jerkily, like a gila monster awakened from sleep.

For some strange reason, the whole matter began to get awfully funny, and I turned to Wes, ready to break out laughing at any minute. "Wes, man, what in the hell did we do this for?"

Wes, keeping his eyes on one man who was leading the crowd straight toward us, said from the corner of his mouth: "I'll be damned if I know. One of us must be stone crazy."

I felt like I was watching a typical "jungle" moving picture. There are these two brave heroes calmly walking through a jungle teeming with savages, cracking jokes with one another, lighting cigarettes, and humming Beethoven's 5th, not giving a damn about the savages because they know that should one of those savages stab or injure them he would be fired and banished from Hollywood forever.

I wondered who would fire these savages if I were injured. I looked at the policemen and got so scared that my hands turned wet and slick in a matter of seconds.

The crowd piled into the street and onto the sidewalk ahead of us. "Nigger," the battle cry, brought even more people out of the houses across from the park. As we reached an intersection, I saw another crowd of men, some without shirts; women, some with tiny children, and children, some with dolls, others with bricks—all running toward Wes and me. It was here . . .

Boom! Boom!

The blast of the bombs jarred my daydreams about that day back in July. The dishes in the kitchen knocked against each other with nervous little clinks. The Christmas explosions rushed into my memories of that day last July. The mob was then. Back in July. The walk, the policemen. All then. All then back in July. The bombs were now, now, now!

Something tried to tell me that July was past. A million years ago. In the graveyard of bad dreams. Something tried to tell me that the rioters were blowing Christmas right off the face of Trumbull Park, but I was still back on that hot street full of July people, the sweltering street turned yellow under the butterscotch sun, and the yellow smeared with the black shadows of the little crowd of softball players and some 30 spectators grown now into a sweating, cursing mob of hundreds, and still more coming..

Here on the couch, Evelyn looked up from the baby in her arms. I heard her voice as an echo from the bottom of a valley of shadows:

"Did you hear that?"

She sounded so far away, yet I knew that I had to answer her or she would touch, shake me, and right then I felt that I would die if she took me away from that day in July where that mob was, where my buddy Wes was. Somehow I knew that an explanation for those dirty blond children's faces lay there, too.

Evelyn's voice filtered through the nearer, seemingly more real voices of the mobs on the street:

"Frank, did you hear those bombs?"

"Yes, yes, yes, yes, I heard them!"

Now why did I do that? I didn't want to sound that way. Evelyn stared at me. Hurt seemed to drain the strength from her body, and she sank back onto the sofa—dejected, frightened.

"Hey, nigger," a hot July voice blurted.

I clenched my hands and shook off a shudder that started in my stomach and stopped in my chest.

"Hey, burrhead!"

Wes turned to me, still watching this one guy who kept tromping toward us, talking excitedly to the others who followed him.

Wes said, "Frank, this bastard is

going to try something, so get ready."

"Okay." I wanted to ask Wes how one gets ready for a guy leading a couple of hundred people toward him, but I was supposed to have been the guy with the answers, not Wes.

The man walked right through the crowd of policemen that surrounded us, he . . .

BOOM! BOOM! The Christmas bombs were going off again, like distant guns on a far off battlefield.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The man walked through the cops and grabbed Wes' arm. His reddish face was shiny with sweat, and his breath, strong with the stale scent of whiskey and tobacco, stung my nose as he turned first to me, then to Wes:

"Pardon me, sir, have you a match?" I saw a tousle-haired brunette teenage girl laugh loudly at this. Others joined her. The police kept on walking just as if nothing had happened. Wes pushed the man's hand away from his arm.

"No, I don't have a match!"

The crowd laughed again, at Wes this time. A short, thin woman with sparse chestnut hair and a high-pitched, wheezy, whispering voice, squeaked:

"Oh, go on, give 'im a match, nigger."

Someone else said: "Get out of here, you black nigger eight balls."

The old man let Wes go and grabbed my arm. His fingers jammed hard into my muscles. This was too much. I had reached the breaking point . . .

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Blurry brownskin figures began to stir underneath a blurry Christmas tree. I closed my eyes tightly as they whimpered, then I opened them, and was vaguely aware of Evelyn's melancholy presence.

The old man's fingers began to hurt my arm. I shouted at him:

"Look, you son of a . . ."

He interrupted me, and a wide smile, baring tobacco-stained teeth, bunched his flushed cheeks into red Christmas globes underneath half-moon, glittering eyes, as he said in a mockingly polite tone:

"Ah, ah, ah, sir. I only asked you for a . . . goddamned match!"

The smile switched off and a vicious, nervous grin replaced it. Tension wrinkled, rippled across his brow. I tried to jerk away from him hard, intending to trip him, but it seemed as if I had barely tugged. He held on to me with one hand, laughing. The crowd laughed, too. The policemen just kept . . .

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

The bombs outside in the Christmas night were coming faster and getting louder. The girls squirmed and whined, but they were still asleep. Something in the back of my mind kept telling me to call that goofy Wes and tell him what he could do with his so-called God-fearing rioters, yet, thinking about this guy in July on that crowded street had made me so furious that I could only concentrate on how I jerked him again. So hard this time, that he almost fell on Wes. Wes pushed him away.

"Get off me, you dirty son-of-a-bitch." Wes stopped walking, grabbed the drunken rioter's hand, twisted it. The crowd started growling. Cops stopped walking. Cops started growling, too, angry like the mob. One grabbed Wes' hand, jerked it away from the drunken rioter:

"What the hell are you doing, boy?"

Wes acted as if he had expected this: "Oh, yeah, now you see something happening, don't you? You didn't see a damned thing when he had me, did you?"

A cop, seeing that Wes was ready to go for broke, pulled a tight smile over his own red-faced anger and gave the old man a light shove, slammed his thick blue-sleeved arm, dark and wet under the armpits, around Wes' ready-to-fight-and-die-right-now shoulders:

"You two guys act like a couple of kids. S'posed to be educated, too, I bet. C'mon here, boy, let's get your ass out of here before these people tear you to bits."

He slammed his other arm around my shoulder and the damp odor from his wet shirt ran up my nose like ammonia. My eyes began to water. I don't know whether it was because of his arms or what he had said. His words stuck in my ears like a chunk of bit-off apple that won't go down.

"Come on here, *boy*, before these people tear you to bits."

Hatred began eating the catcalls and dirty names out of my ears, and I could hear only the cop who had saved us two "boys." Boys, I thought. Twenty-seven-year-old husbands and fathers, taxpayers and war veterans, still boys, boys, boys—saved from those people. People, I thought. Rotten, vicious people, cannibal beasts, white people. White, rotten, low-down dirty, stinking blue-under-the-arm white people.

Hatred was a hungry rat eating at my stomach, eating my trembling, sweating, clenched fists. I began to walk, and Wes walked, and the mob began to push past the police. One man rushed toward me, no shirt on his back, no hair on his head, sweat looking like drops of blood on his red

face. I tightened my clenched fists. The cops dragged him back before he reached us. Another man hit at Wes, but Wes ducked and spat at him. The cops shoved the man back into the crowd.

Suddenly it seemed as if the mob got real angry all at once. Rocks began to fly at Wes, the cops and me, first from one side of the street, then from behind us. One hit me in the stomach right underneath my chest. Lunch started up toward my throat and a bitter taste began to fill my mouth. Wes grabbed my shoulder with both hands, and looking up at the policeman nearest us, cried:

"Do something! Do something. He's hurt!"

I felt like falling down right there on the street and dying—dying from the pain outside, and dying from the pain inside—deep inside of me where that hate, white and burning, was. But I couldn't fall.

My hatred stiffened my muscles like cold starch, and I straightened up and spat hard at the sidewalk, wiped my mouth with the palm of my wet hand, sick and trembling, and kept walking.

The crowd was becoming hysterical, and some pushed past the police and made threatening breaks at us the way one does with a dog he hopes to frighten into running. But Wes and I weren't running.

Then there was a barrage of broken bricks and rocks, all thrown at the same time from an alley adjacent to the street we were on and even the policeman, the one who sounded as if he thought we were so much garbage, screamed at us when he saw those rocks:

"Look out! Look out!"

It was then that Wes and I did this crazy thing.

"Look out!" the policeman had said, and Wes' hand touched mine, and I grabbed it the way a little brother does his bigger brother, only Wes seemed to have grabbed mine at the same time. Neither of us made any effort to duck the rocks that flew at us. We both seemed to feel that if this was the way we would die, we'd die on our own terms, standing straight up and walking straight ahead. Not ducking and dodging like two chickens in a rainstorm.

The rocks burst into fragments from the force of hitting the sidewalk, others bounced and rolled crazily to a stop near our feet. But not one more rock hit us. We wouldn't have noticed it, though, if one had. We were intent on two things.

First, Wes and I were going to walk tall and straight through this crowd no matter what happened, and

secondly, we were going to make it to those squat red buildings where our wives and children were.

We walked slowly, deliberately lagging behind the nervous, fidgety policemen who would occasionally shout at someone in the mob, or shove him back into the crowd. Something or someone forbade them to do more. Slowly we walked, Wes and I, holding hands tightly, shoulders touching, ground underneath our feet like a rocky treadmill getting us nowhere.

Slowly we walked, hating and sweating, cursing to ourselves, hating the white mob, hating the white police who wouldn't arrest them, hating.

The project was near and the mob ahead of us closed in as if to stop us from going in. The cops yelled at them to move and the mob laughed, but they moved, and we walked up to and through them, and we could feel the heat from their bodies, and smell their heavy breath, and see the lines under their eyes, lines from squinting year after year in the mills a few blocks away. We could see curls of their hair and the weave in their flowered shirts and flared skirts limp now in this windless, airless, breathless moment in July. Through them we walked, tight-jawed, eyes slitted, angry and frowning—ready to fight—ready to die.

"Hi!"

At first I thought I was hearing something which nobody had said, which nobody could say, not here, not now.

"Hi!" said a squeaky little voice from behind the close-together legs of the crowd. Wes' hand grew limp and

I noticed for the first time that we'd been holding hands, and I snatched mine out of his, embarrassed and ashamed. He seemed to snatch his hand away at the same time. I didn't look at him directly, I couldn't, and I noticed that his neck stiffened and he kept staring straight ahead. He was ashamed, too.

"Hi!"

I walked more slowly now, looking first only with my eyes, without turning my head, trying to find the body to that squeaky voice that had said, "Hi!" Then I saw . . .

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

Evelyn jumped up from the couch, kicking a filled Christmas stocking halfway across the room.

"Frank, Frank! Damn it, Frank, I can't stand . . ." I remembered! I remembered that dirty-faced little girl with the blond hair. It was her voice!

Boom! Boom!

"Frank, are you asleep? Are you crazy? Don't you hear those bombs? They're shaking down the Christmas tree, they're scaring the babies. Oh, Frank, don't you hear them? They're scaring me, too. Those damned Paddy bastards!"

Boom! Boom! Boom!

"Hi!" the little girl had said. Right there in the middle of that crazy crowd. She pushed her way through them, dragging a little boy behind her. His hair was blond, too, and they both looked as though they had been out playing in a coal bin. But the little girl walked up to me and Wes, blocked our way, and for the fifth time said:

"Hi."

Her voice was clear, distinct, yet so soft and cool on that hot July day.

Her eyes were a flawless blue and she smiled a dirty-faced smile that made the hatred that was gobbling up my insides turn cool. The greedy rats of hate stopped eating me and I wanted to cry.

"Hi," I said, not knowing how I must have looked to this tiny child and her little brother standing between two very angry, ready-to-kill Negro men and hundreds of very angry, read-to-kill white people.

"Wes," I said, "That kid said 'hi'."

"Yeah, I know."

I looked at Wes, and his eyes were watery and tears were running over the edges of his eyes and down his cheeks.

"Hi, kid," Wes said to the little girl.

"Hi," said the little boy behind her.

The crowd could have killed me and Wes right then and we wouldn't have known the difference. Something funny had happened, something strange and very funny, and Wes looked at me and said, laughing and crying . . .

"Hey, man, you're crying, too!"

"The hell I am." I rubbed my forearm across my eyes just in case.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Evelyn ran over to me. I saw her hand just an instant before it slapped my face. I felt her tiny fingers clutch my shoulders, shaking me. I saw the tears on her face and the fear and pain that wrinkled it. I saw, too, in her face the white acid, hungry-rat hatred that I knew so well, too well.

"Call him, call that Wes!" she screamed at me:

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

"Call him, d'ya hear? It's damn fools like him that let this faith in man stuff fool us into taking all this stuff from these damned Paddies, instead of going out and killing a bunch of them."

"I'm not going to call him."

"Why not? He bet you that these savages would respect Christmas, would respect God, would respect themselves. They haven't; they haven't respected Christmas, God, our children, themselves, no one, nothing! Damn them . . . call Wes. Tell him about his faith in man, call him!"

"I'm not going to call him!"

"You're not going to call him? Why not? You were willing to give them a chance to prove themselves. You can't help it if they're savage and rotten and lowdown Paddies and you can't whitewash them!"

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

"See? See? Listen to them."

The girls began to cry out loud, and they ran over to Evelyn and buried their heads into her legs, whining and trembling the way they had done



How BIG is an advertiser?

Foolish question? No, serious. And it makes sense when you put it in context. We Payntar people answer many questions like it. You see, we believe so firmly in advertising that we practice it ourselves. And our ads draw inquiries like this:

Q: How big should an advertiser be before he hires an agency?

A: Depends on the type of business. But generally, if you have a budget of \$400 per month or more, it pays to use Payntar Advertising Agency. (Many agencies can't afford to handle an account of this size. We can because a suburban location and unique organization have kept our overhead down in spite of rapid expansion.)

Q: Isn't the cost of an agency too great for really small advertisers?

A: There should be no extra cost! It is up to the agency to stay within the budget and make it produce maximum sales.

Q: How can I tell whether you or any other agency will get better results for my advertising dollars?

A: Ask for names of clients with budgets and needs about like your own. Then talk with these clients. They'll be glad to tell you what they think of the agency's ability. If it *has* ability, don't worry about size. A good agency has a reputation to protect—it won't accept your account if it can't give you full and complete service.

If you have questions or problems of your own, write or phone. We'll be glad to discuss them confidentially and without obligation.

Payntar
advertising agency

CHICAGO'S AGENCY-IN-THE-SUBURB

2595 Shermer Ave., Northbrook, Ill.

Phone: CRestwood 2-3330

when they first heard the bombs. I stood up feeling tired and dizzy. I walked over to Evelyn and hugged her real tight with one arm, at the same time rubbing away with my face the tears from hers.

I hugged Debbie and Sherry with my other arm. Pamela, the new baby, was asleep on the couch where Evelyn had dropped her when she jumped up to slap me.

"Evelyn, baby, let's sit down."

Sniffing and jerking, she walked over to the couch, stepping over Christmas dolls, dishes and the girls' half-eaten oranges.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

It was night now, and the Christmas lights were on and they blinked silent reds and blues . . . soft yellows and greens . . . and the blue-white light of the bombs blended in with the Christmas lights, and I began to tell Evelyn for the first time about the blond kids, and how I came to remember where I had seen them.

When I got through, the kids were asleep, and Evelyn was crying, but she was sort of smiling, too, and it was real late . . . almost eleven o'clock. And she sniffled and snuggled up real close and the bombs went off again . . . low, jarring, and the blue-white light, mixed up with the Christmas tree lights, made her face look real pretty, and she asked, almost whispering:

"What do you think is making them act like that?"

"A lot of things, lover, guys who would lose money if too many of us broke out of those high-priced dungeons on the South Side and moved out to places like this. Then you got guys who make a business out of keeping white folks mad at us, and us mad at them. Divide and conquer stuff, you know? Long as they got us fighting each other, they can get away with murder, huh? But I'll tell you this, baby, those blond kids sure aren't making them act this way."

She smiled, and her narrow eyes grew narrower, squeezing the last tear down her cheek. She whispered:

"Do you think this stuff will ever end?"

"As long as you got little blond kids who will step out of a mob and say 'hi,' we don't have a thing to worry about."

"What about the others? The associations, the troublemakers, mobs and rioters? What about them?"

"They can't win, baby. The blonds are the only ones that count."

And the Christmas lights just blinked and blinked, and Evelyn snuggled closer and closer, and I wondered what ol' Wes was doing right then. ■

KELLY-BLACK CO. INC.

COMMODITY BROKERS

Clearing House Members

Chicago Mercantile Exchange

BILL MANO HEINIE GRAVES

DON BLACK JACK KELLY

Fully informed on crop
and market conditions

Ask for our Weekly News Letter

CALL DEARBORN 2-3278

JOHN E. COLEMAN, INC.

Commodities

110 N. Franklin St., Chicago 6. Randolph 6-2093

MEMBERS . . .

CHICAGO MERCANTILE EXCHANGE

CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE

NEW YORK MERCANTILE EXCHANGE

*Since 1889—Chicago
commodity brokers and
wholesalers of eggs and
poultry*

**WEINBERG BROS.
& CO.**

CEntral 6-5500—110 N. FRANKLIN

Members: Chicago Mercantile Exchange

**L. D. Schreiber & Co.,
Inc.**

Chicago—New York—Green Bay

—MEMBER—

CHICAGO MERCANTILE
EXCHANGE

NEW YORK MERCANTILE
EXCHANGE

110 N. Franklin

State 2-4611

readers & writers

elaboration on Egan

SIR: *The Worst Mayor in America* [May] states: "Egan [went] to the Merchandise Mart, where he persuaded the management of the world's largest business to let him start a sheet for employes there and to seek advertising from the building's retail tenants."

The Mart *Retail News* was already in existence July 1, 1942, when I became book editor. Several months later Mrs. Rene Clayton [editor] sold out to Mr. Egan, who published until the end of 1943—when he was restrained by the Merchandise Mart management from further publication.

What an exciting day that was! With guards stationed at building entrances to keep reporters out.

JERRY SCHMAL



His Honor

why Egan swears

SIR: Certain plots have been hatched to railroad him [Egan] to Elgin by getting him drunk and having him shanghaied. . . . I heard him talking to his Chicago lawyer from my office and his lawyer told him it was possible for the "gang" to do it. Would you get profane about such a thing plotted against you?

He is not nuts the way people think. It will be a pretty good bet that is laid on Egan's success in the next election, and another good one that the four [commissioners] will be out looking for a job with some of their doubtful friends.

JOSEPH BARBEE, D.N., D.Sc.N.,
Aurora

a vote for Egan

SIR: I recently read about our "worst mayor" in your sheet, with mingled

amusement, anger, wonder. Any time an out-of-town writer spends a few hours in a city and then goes back to his cubby hole and gets rid of some of his venom, we simply have to laugh—laugh—laugh! Then, again, how can any writer do justice to his subject unless he hears both sides of the question? And your expert(?) certainly did not dig very deep in facts of our local ills, or, in common fairness, he would have tempered that article, and I don't mean maybe.

I wonder if he didn't get his information from our local paper. People consider the *Beacon-News* a first class phony as a newspaper, but it's the only one in Aurora, so we have to have it. The *Beacon-News* has all along been unreasonably critical of Mayor Paul Egan, and for very good reasons. Egan, while publisher of his *Economist*, had subjected the paper to a lot of well-deserved criticism.

What the writer of that article should have done is to have spent a little time in Aurora, investigating conditions prior to the election of Paul Egan as mayor.

If he had inquired around a little he would have found that people generally regarded the gang which runs things here as outright grafters. When Egan was elected with a large majority over the gang-picked candidate, it was resolved that things would make for him a hard row to hoe. And they sure did.

As stated in that article, one of the commissioners is reported worth in excess of \$100,000. Do you suppose the frugal soul saved that money from his salary? Another commissioner has put his sons to work on the city payroll. Also, some people have expressed wonderment of where all his gorgeous house furnishings came from of late, when same previously were of the cheaper sort.

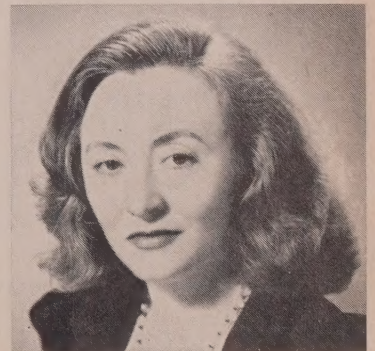
I could go on and on and on about conditions which have existed for many years in Aurora, but what's the use? I do not expect you will print this defense of Mayor Paul Egan. Firstly, I think you would be breaking faith with the source of most of your information; secondly, I am afraid to sign this communication.

Why my fears? Well, I am an old-established business man here, and, as I have good common sense, I am not going to give the *Beacon-News*, the Chamber of Commerce or the commissioners a chance to put me out of business. They put Paul Egan out of business; why, little me wouldn't have a chance of a snowball in hell.

brilliant

SIR: Permit me to congratulate you on your brilliant article on Claudia Cassidy. [*The Queen of Culture and her Reign of Terror*—June] In diction, structure, and basic integrity of approach, this essay is in my opinion certain to be recognized as a classic in its so oft-abused genre.

ROBERT LEE BLAIR,
Professor of English,
Eastern Illinois State College,
Charleston



Her Majesty

provocative

SIR: Congratulations—to you for running the article and to Bernard Asbell for writing that interesting and provocative article. *CHICAGO* magazine grows in stature each issue. Keep up the fine work.

WHITT N. SCHULTZ

inner sanctum

SIR: One of your best articles . . . Miss Cassidy first aroused my interest when, a few years ago, I visited the *Tribune* to interview Ruth McKay for my high school paper. We were treated to a tour of the building. On our way, we were about to venture into the ladies room when an attendant came our way and whispered in tones of respectful fear, "Better wait a minute, Claudia's in there now."

JUDY EBERT

we were too kind

SIR: Miss Cassidy's cruel, bitter and disagreeable character is revealed in every elongated phrase that she writes. Her ignorance of her subjects and her inability to evaluate or un-

TOP OF THE MORNING!!

6:00-8:00 A.M.

Monday thru Friday



The
**NORMAN
ROSS**
Show

Best in wake-up music, latest time,
temperature and weather reports.

It's Bright, It's Pleasant
It's the Best

WGN

720 On Your Radio

readers & writers

derstand, glares from all her verbosity.

You gave her credit for far greater damage than she has done or can do. She may regard herself as "the wicked witch of the north," but in actuality her opinions have long since been disregarded and ignored by genuine connoisseurs.

Robert McCormick's gathering her to his bosom is in keeping with other willful and eccentric things he did. But for a newspaper of the size and strength of the *Tribune* to force the likes of Claudia Cassidy upon the unsuspecting public is shameful.

ELEANOR MUELLER

anyone for foils?

SIR: "The dramatic or musical critic is absolutely unmuzzled; he can write what he pleases, and the managers have no redress except indictment for libel, or else the duel."

The above was lifted from a June, 1892, issue of *Scribner's* on the Paris theater. It made me think of your article on Miss Cassidy. Evidently it is a problem that has been kicked around for some time.

FERRIS LEHMAN

poetic license?

SIR: The Algren poem [June] on the White or Black Sox is a classic—though Cicotte intercepted the throw to the plate—not Risberg.

GEORGE MORIARTY,
Detroit

arm-bobbing is all the rage

SIR: I've been wondering, since seeing your June fashion spread exactly what "men's serious fashions" are—because I want to be serious about my fashions. I've been wondering whether I ought to get my right arm made three or four inches shorter than my left, like the fellow in the middle of page 58.

JOHN BUMBAL

you're subscribed

SIR: O.K., you win. Please subscribe me (?) for one year to your thin but delightful magazine. I have decided that it will be safer to read it in the quiet confines of my living room. When the price first went up, I slipped the little man at the newsstand 25 cents grabbed a copy and walked away. He came tearing after me for

the other 10 cents in full cry, with all of Clark street wondering who the thief was. The next month, I gave the guy his proper quarter-and-dime, and started reading immediately. Three cars nearly hit me as I crossed the street in a daze; I got my skirt caught in a revolving door (still reading); got off the elevator on the wrong floor . . . anyway subscribe me.

PATRICIA WARREN
Villa Park

Correction

The advertisement for Peter Hand's Reserve Beer in the July-August issue of *CHICAGO* magazine identified Mr. David B. Peck III as squash rackets city champion last year. The caption should have read: "He was a member of the squash rackets team which last year won the city championship."

Doctors, Lawyers . . .
Bankers, Chiefs

Buy their Menswear at
Higgins & Frank



In Chicago, a
mark of success
is the Higgins &
Frank label in
the clothing you
wear.

Higgins & Frank

300 So. Michigan at Jackson

Free Parking Adjacent to Store

When you need
a BUS...call

WILLETT

"Chicago's Safest"

12-TIME SAFETY AWARD WINNERS

Monroe 6-1492

THE WILLETT MOTOR COACH CO.
700 S. DESPLAINES ST., CHICAGO 7, ILLINOIS

Send for FREE . . .

"FIELD TRIP GUIDE" for Church, Youth
and School Groups; Picnics, Parties

contributors

The overall design of this issue, including the cover, was handled by Robert Katzman, an Art Institute graduate whose talents also include composing billboards, painting murals and, with his wife, making tile panels for architects. The cover photograph of Everette Harris, president of the Mercantile Exchange, is by Don Bronstein.

Arnold J. Kuhn, who wrote *Fortunes in Futures*, has lately been teaching political science at the University of Chicago. Earlier he worked for the City News bureau, was a freelance press agent, and ran a paper in Hinsdale.

The refugee from, and chronicler of, *Mrs. Handy's Curious Colony*, David Ray, is a graduate student at the university mentioned above and editor-in-chief of the *Chicago Review*. He has twice won honorable mentions in Academy of American Poets competitions.

Frank London Brown, jr. (*The Blonds Are the Only Ones That Count*) is an organizer for the Textile Workers union. A Roosevelt university graduate, he plans to enter Kent College of Law this fall.

Katherine Kuh, who discusses the *People* exhibition at the Art Institute, is curator of modern painting there.

The author of the story on the Studdebaker Theatre company, Bernard Asbell, also has recently had a lot to say about the mayor of Aurora and the queen of culture.

Maggie Besson, who took the pictures of the *Little Girls & Little Women*, is a native of Brooklyn who came here six years ago to study at the Institute of Design and is now a



free-lance photographe. She looks considerably like the self-portrait reproduced here.

Alan Whitney, who wrote *The Onion Patch*, hopes not to be confused with other possessors of the same name who play the organ on the radio and write letters to the newspapers.

National
Award
1951

FANNY'S

International
Award
1955



Mary Hartline, T.V. Circus Star, and Cliff Soubier, The Famous Clown.



Sarra, the famous "Man of Distinction" photographer and Dr. and Mrs. Maxmillian Kern, parents of the famous T.V. Critic, Janet Kern.

FOR THE SECOND CONSECUTIVE YEAR McCALL'S MAGAZINE HAS NOMINATED FANNY'S Restaurant as one of the foremost restaurants in America . . . it is one of five recommended in the entire state of Illinois. Not only was FANNY'S recommended for the second consecutive year . . . but FANNY'S was also the recipient of a special CITATION from McCALL'S. There is something interesting about awards . . . honors . . . and citations . . . a former guide to good eating insisted that a restaurant did not have to pay a cent to be recommended but always INSISTED on being paid for their sign rentals year after year . . . and always persisted in trying to get a recommended restaurant to SELL THEIR GUIDES . . . I bowed out after paying said rental for said signs after a number of years . . . because it is my humble opinion that an honor . . . an award . . . a citation . . . or a recommendation . . . FOR GOOD FOOD MUST BE EARNED SINCERELY . . . TO BE MERITED . . . AND IF A RESTAURANT IS ONE OF MERIT . . . A RESTAURANT DOES NOT HAVE TO PAY FOR THE HONORS RECEIVED. THAT IS ONE REASON I LIKE GOURMET MAGAZINE, WHICH ALSO RECOMMENDS FANNY'S RESTAURANT . . . AND HAS FOR YEARS AND YEARS . . . they don't pressure folks into buying and selling their books . . . and last but not least . . . GOURMET MAGAZINE RESTAURANT RECOMMENDATIONS ARE LIKE McCALLS THE MOST DISCRIMINATING AND THE BEST OF ALL THE RECOMMENDATIONS . . . YOU CANNOT GO WRONG IF YOU DINE AT THE PLACES THEY RECOMMEND.

FANNY'S

World Famous Restaurant

SOUTHERN FRIED CHICKEN AND SPAGHETTI orders put up to take out for small or large parties daily and Sunday until 10 P.M.

ENTERTAIN YOUR FRIENDS AND OUT-OF-TOWN GUESTS AT FANNY'S because they too . . . will be simply DELIGHTED.

AIR-CONDITIONED DINING ROOMS available for private parties . . . business meetings . . . or social affairs.

DINING HOURS EVERY WEEK DAY 5 P.M. to 10 P.M. Sunday hours 12 Noon to 10 P.M. . . . Reservations requested.

FANNY'S SALAD DRESSING and SPAGHETTI SAUCE for sale at MARSHALL FIELD & CO. and Other Fine Shops.

1601 Simpson St., Evanston

FREE PARKING

PH. Greenleaf 5-8686

by Alan Whitney

In order to receive wireless reports on how badly the Cubs are being defeated, it is necessary also to hear about the properties of some brand of gasoline that does everything for your car but empty the ash trays and pay off traffic cops.

The extravagance of the refiner's claims is exceeded only by their opacity. Their essential message, however, is that this gasoline has a lot of power.

Early in the season, the commercials generally began by recalling a record set by some athlete, then told how much better he would have done if he had had 14 per cent more power.

They never quite got to saying that the sportsman should have quaffed a gallon of the product before starting his exercise, but they did insist that cars that drank it got 14 per cent more power. They didn't answer, or even raise the question: 14 per cent more than what?

The listener was left to divine whether it was 14 per cent more than some other gas, 14 per cent more than buttermilk, 14 per cent more than the same gas at some earlier point in his-

ning a car, rather than dislodging landmarks.

He said that a gasoline motor typically converts between 20 and 30 per cent of the fuel's potential energy into usable force, and that a considerable proportion of that power is lost by friction in the driving mechanism.

As far as lifting the Merchandise Mart is concerned, this can be done, in theory, not only by the potential energy in a gallon of any gasoline, but by that in a drop of lemonade. Mathematically, leaving aside friction and other practical obstacles, it is possible for any force, however small, to perform any amount of work, no matter how formidable.

It's like that old Greek who volunteered to lift the earth if somebody would give him a long enough lever and a place to stand.

In order for this gasoline to lift the Mart, it would have to employ a vast chain of gears or some equally complex mechanism for transmission of the energy, and the thorny problem of eliminating friction would have to be solved.

All things considered, the project

Then newspapers and magazines began to recognize that a new era had begun. Our progress in physical redevelopment, political reform and cultural revival were recognized in *Fortune*, *Newsweek*, the *Nation* and elsewhere.

Just when it appeared that things were looking up, though, we were slugged below the belt with a *Time* story. *Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary* defines "story," under meaning 3A, as "... a fictitious narrative less elaborate than a novel."

The Luce collection of misinformation fulfilled the first three words of that definition admirably, but not the last five.

Entitled "Daley Life in Chicago" and illustrated with an unflattering photograph of the mayor, the piece stated flatly (*Time* is always positive) that the end of the police department's Scotland Yard detail meant the wholesale return of the wide-open town Daley's political enemies have been so eagerly awaiting.

A picture was created of the Loop being converted overnight into one vast Monte Carlo overrun by mobbook-

the onion patch

tory, or 14 per cent more than the average claiming plater at Washington Park.

After the All-Star game recess, though, the inter-inning polemics became more specific. It was revealed that this gasoline was so sturdy that one gallon of it could lift such objects as the Merchandise Mart, the Empire State building, the Sphinx (the one in Egypt, not Paris), and, by implication, King Farouk or Switzerland.

The distances it could lift each of these things were stated, and one assumed that they were 14 per cent greater than could be achieved by the mysterious force used in the earlier comparisons.

It was modestly specified that these feats were only possible in the theoretical case that the potential energy in the gallon of gas were fully utilized.

Resigned to the fact that the sponsor was never going to tell what all this rhetoric really meant, if anything, a faithful but skeptical listener obtained the counsel of a South Side physicist who knows about these things.

The scientist first dealt briefly with the question of how much of this awesome energy is used when it is run-

ning just wouldn't work out. By the time everything was ready to go, the Fort Dearborn development would be finished and the Mart would probably decide it didn't want to be lifted after all.

DELVING FURTHER into the labyrinth of irrelevant advertising, it's reassuring to learn, from a box on the front page, that "The Chicago *Tribune* paper mill at Thorold, Canada, produces enough paper each day to pave 545 miles of a 40-foot highway."

This information dispells any fear that shortages might delay prompt completion of the expressways and toll roads, but raises the question of whether the concrete makers will be able to reciprocate with enough slabs of their product on which to print a million copies of the *Sunday Tribune*.

A MINOR, BUT IMPORTANT phase of the city's renaissance is an attempt by both public and private agencies to see that we get a better press in other parts of the country and overseas. Until recently the outmoded themes of isolationism and Caponery were almost the only ones ever dealt with in our outside publicity.

ies, turfaddicts and other smellements.

Reformayor Kennelly was eulogized. It was interesting to be told that during his administration the secret police had found out all sorts of things about Chicagangsters, their politico-operators and coprotectors.

No explanation was given, however, of why this information was never used for crimeradicating. The frequent gang killings and political murders of the Kennellyyears were not dealt with. Nor was the hoodriven exit of Alderman George Kells from public life. Nor the civicorruption and open gambling that thrived until the eve of the last election campaign. Nor the city council crime committee that was formed to probattle that situation. Nor Kennelly's minimassistance to that committee.

The burden of the *Timeloquence* was that things were just dandy under Kennelly and have now gone to hell.

The thesis here is not that the opposite is entirely true. A police force that provides a dole for drapery mag nates is obviously not devoid of room for improvement. But that improvement is not promoted by irresponsible campaign documents masquerading as newstories.